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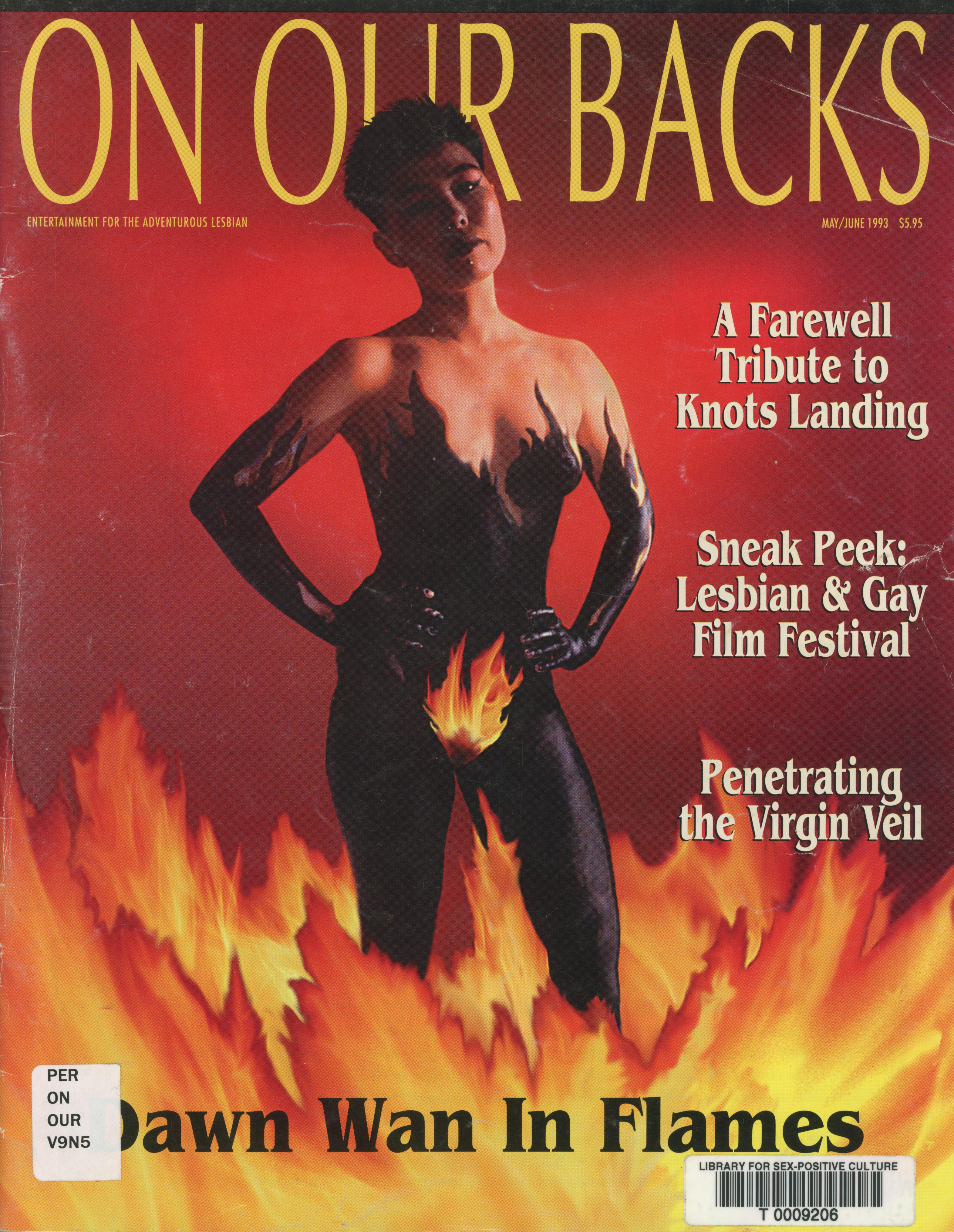

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CLIPS Greta stars in the first of three vignettes in a computer-enhanced version of self-love indulgence. The second vignette features safe sex play and bondage with scarves between a free-spirited couple. In the last vignette, Fanny Fatale gets the attention of her Wall Street reading yuppie butch spouse, played by Kenni Mann, when she masturbates in front of the TV to a screaming G-spot ejaculation. Kenni finally puts her beer down and lets her dyke-cock out for a wild rise.
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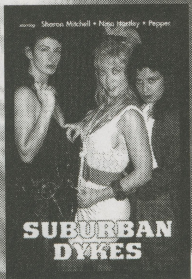
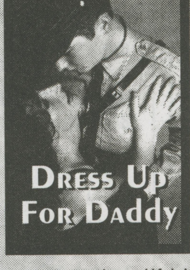


SUBURBAN DYKES Pepper and Nina Hartley star as a suburban couple who discover the fun of using sexual services and add some playfulness to their sex life. First they call a phone sex service and masturbate to a scintillating fantasy by Mistress Marlayna and learn something new about each other's desire. Pleased and excited with the success from that adventure, they hire a butch from a lesbian escort service. Enter Sharon Mitchell who will make dyke hearts palpitate as she takes control of satisfying both women in a raw threesome orgy.
$34.95



DRESS UP FOR DADDY These real-life lesbian lovers enact the forbidden "Daddy" fantasy. They use dress up and role play to express their sexual feelings for each other. The action is realistic, romantic, and bursting with sexual energy. This video captures two truly gifted sexual beings enjoying what comes so naturally to them. Their luscious sensuality will leave you dripping. **$29.95**

Hungry Hearts

HUNGRY HEARTS Pepper and Reeva star as a newly-in-love couple who escape to an ocean beach retreat for a weekend of blissful sex and love. Reeva, a voluptuous blonde goddess, seduces her sensual Latina lover with a sultry erotic dance. Pepper, overcome with deep love and desire, orchestrates a beautiful and unusual bondage scene in the Japanese hot tub. A day of ardent loving culminates in a passionate scene by the fireplace. Reeva straps on her dildo and harness and gives Pepper a taste of her own fire. **$34.95**

Bathroom Sluts

BATHROOM SLUTS features a group of five lesbians who engage in group sex, bondage, shaving, various forms of penetration and a rare glimpse of a dominant butch getting off without giving up her control. They play hard and safe. In an interview at the end, the women discuss their motives and feelings about doing the video.
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PRIVATE PLEASURES

PRIVATE PLEASURES Few couples are as knock-out, drop-dead gorgeous as handsome, brunette Terri and blonde, femme bombshell Caerage. Even fewer couples know each other so completely, desire each other so thoroughly and are so sexually comfortable. In a ritzy penthouse apartment they dress up for each other's pleasure, then pop the champagne, lick off the whipped cream and end up down on the floor in a fucking scene that will astonish you.
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BurLEZk
Live

BurLEZk Live! The first and longest running women-only striptease show in the country! Every week for three years at a lesbian bar in San Francisco, over 100 erotic performance artists danced into the hearts and clits of more than 20,000 women. *Fatale* has captured some of the exciting moments from this memorable event, live on two video cassettes; **BurLEZk Live!** and **BurLEZk Live 2.**
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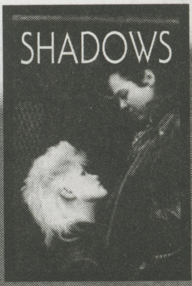
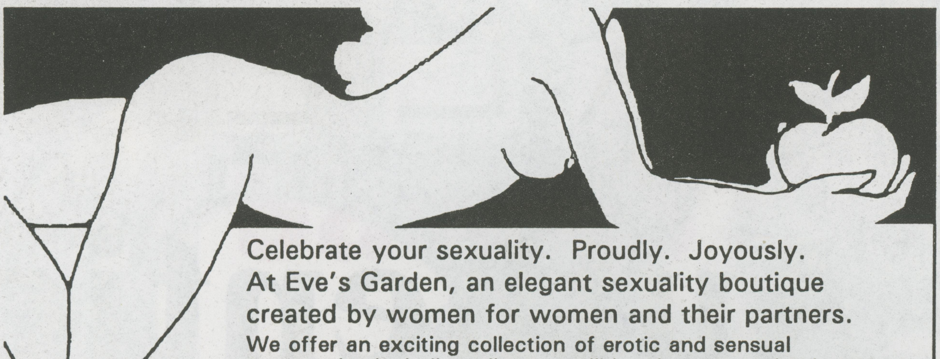


SHADOWS Terri and Caerage appear again as a lesbian couple who let us in on their leather scene. After a motorcycle ride, femme Caerage leads butch Terri down to a basement resplendent in restraining paraphernalia. Hours of sucking, fucking, whipping, riding, and performing and in a blow out orgasm in a sling.
$34.95

LESBIAN STRIPTEASE
BurLEZk II
Live

BurLEZk Live 2 More exciting moments live from the lesbian striptease show, BurLEZk. Tiger performs traditional burlesque while campy Stella sings to her dildo and Fanny Fatale does a safe sex dance. Pepper and Reeva from *Hungry Hearrts* do their love-act and Shelly Mars performs as Martin, an act which landed her a part in the German cult classic, *The Virgin Machine.*
$24.95



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ON OUR BACKS

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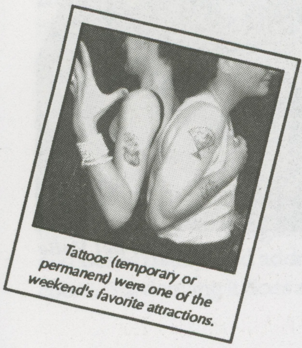
INSIDE ON OUR BACKS

Vol.9 No.5 May/June 1993

columns

4 OUR CONTRIBUTORS

5 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Tattoos (temporary or permanent) were one of the weekend's favorite attractions.

6 DYKE IN THE STREET
Our intrepid gal-about-town takes to the woods and discovers why so many dykes leave the comforts of home for Women's Weekend.

9 FILM FESTIVAL PREVIEW . . . Jenni Olsen
A sneak peek at the 17th Annual San Francisco International Lesbian & Gay Film Festival with a focus on safe sex.

10 QUEER CULTURE . . . Judith Halberstam
*Crying at the Moon: If the lesbian-made **Claire of the Moon** is sappy, and the man-made **Crying Game** is brilliant—what does that say about a politics based on sexual identity?*

12 CENSORSHIP UPDATE . . . Marcy Sheiner

13 NEWS NOTES . . . Shar Rednour

15 SEXPOINT . . . June Letoile
Losing It: Cherry popping—Are you butch enough?

38 REVIEWS
Last Call at Maud's / Out In The World / Life Savings / Stone Butch Blues

46 Sapphone
THIS COUNTRY'S HOTTEST LESBIAN PERSONAL ADS

Interview with Barbara Hammer on page 20

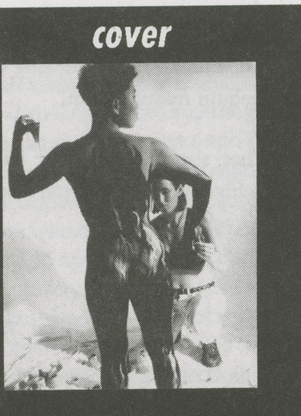
features & fiction

20 INTERVIEW WITH LESBIAN FILMMAKER BARBARA HAMMER
By Desi del Valle
The "Grandmother of Lesbian Film" talks about her life, her work, sexual representation, censorship, and lesbian cinema.

28 HOUSE CALL . . . Missy Gentile
Not just another masseuse.

30 MY VISIT TO KNOTS LANDING . . . Marcy Sheiner
***Knots Landing,** the town where women call the shots, leaves the airwaves this season. Our suffering editor expresses her angst in this fictional tribute to Nicolette Sheridan and TV's longest-running nighttime soap.*

cover



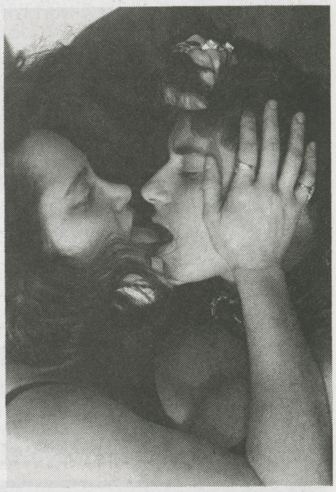
Model: Dawn Wan
Photographer: Liz Zivic
Body painting by Leslie Andelin
Photoshop by Sue Culig

pictures

16 FROM THE FLAMES . . . Liz Zivic
Dawn Wan shows what's under the paint.

23 SUMMER TEASE . . . Bonnie Daley
A self-proclaimed "moderate butch" offers tantalizing glimpses of strength and sensuality in the summer sun.

33 COLLEEN & SOPHIA . . . Morgan Gwenwald
Groovin' Girl Style.



Colleen & Sophia on page 33

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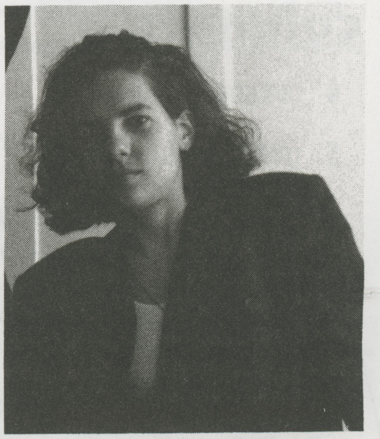
Desi del Valle is a film distributor, actor, and filmmaker. She has written for *Outweek* and the *Bay Area Reporter*, and is currently fundraising for her upcoming film, *Cruel*.



Desi del Valle

Jennifer Gillmor accompanied her work from Toronto to San Francisco, where she discoed until dawn with leather babes and catsuit femmes. The photo in this issue was part of a well-received show at A Different Light Bookstore.

Missy Gentile started writing erotica while living in Paris, where she was inspired by lesbian literature, the Katmandou club, and French lesbians of all kinds.

June Reich writes on lesbo porn and queerness for token compensation. Her essay "Genderfuck: The Law of the Dildo," appears in the Fall '92 issue of *Discourse.* She lives in Minneapolis.

Bonnie Daley

Genyphyr Novak is a 28-year-old photographer and reporter who once attended art school. She now works full-time with *Windy City Times*, a gay and lesbian newspaper in Chicago. She's also been an activist for various causes (all impeccably just).

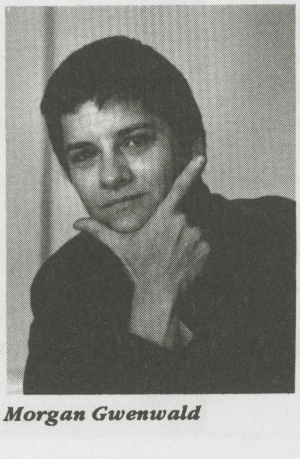
Bonnie Daley is a photographer and admirer of women's athletics, as well as a participant. She's always searching for new adventures in the giant playground called San Francisco.

Stockings, studs, out-of-body cumming...**June Letoile** lives by Annie Sprinkle's creed: "Let there be pleasure on earth and let it begin with me."

Stephanie Rosenbaum is a freelance writer, interview hound, and Betty Page enthusiast. As long as she's got it on tape, you can tell her anything.

Liz Zivic, though best known for her photography, thrills to the darker side of life by throwing bad performance art parties.

Sue Culig the *digital manipulator*, touches and retouches. If you can think it she can do it. (Thanks Howard V. at Ampersand Design for use of the Mac.)



Morgan Gwenwald

Amy Marquez is in the process of a photo shoot showing *On Our Backs* readers about solo mannequin masturbation.

Morgan Gwenwald reports that she's taking time out from moving the Lesbian Herstory Archives to its new home to kick ass on the streets with the Lesbian Avengers.

Errata: Forgotten Billboards

We neglected to mention that GLAAD's lesbian visibility billboard featured in last issue's News Notes was photographed by Chloe Atkins. (Notice the billboard has moved from the news to the censorship column.)

LETTERS

SISTERHOOD IS LIMITED

The following letter was sent to *Ms.* magazine:

I am writing to let you know why I am not renewing my subscription. While I support the work of *Ms.*, I feel I am not represented. Your anniversary issue featured the many magazine offspring spawned by your success. In it, you featured *Deneuve*—a lesbian lifestyle magazine. As a contributing writer for *On Our Backs*, the omission of this sexually oriented periodical, which is almost ten years old, and the inclusion of the younger and more politically palatable *Deneuve*, was negligent. Granted, there is a raging debate going on about women and our sexuality, and addressing it is no easy chore. But denying it does a disservice as well.

Mimi=Freed
San Francisco, CA

SUPPORT FOR GAYS IN THE MILITARY

President Clinton has given the gay community attention (and how!) with his intention of lifting the military ban on gays and lesbians. But with that attention will come a severe backlash orchestrated by the religious right. If you do not want to be shoved back into the closet, then you'd better get involved.

The White House Comment Line and Congress desperately need more calls in support of lifting the ban, as calls are currently running 85% against the measure. Call the White House Comment Line at (202) 456-1111, or Congress at (202) 224-3121. We have six months to get behind our President. Let's not waste any time—the other side certainly isn't.

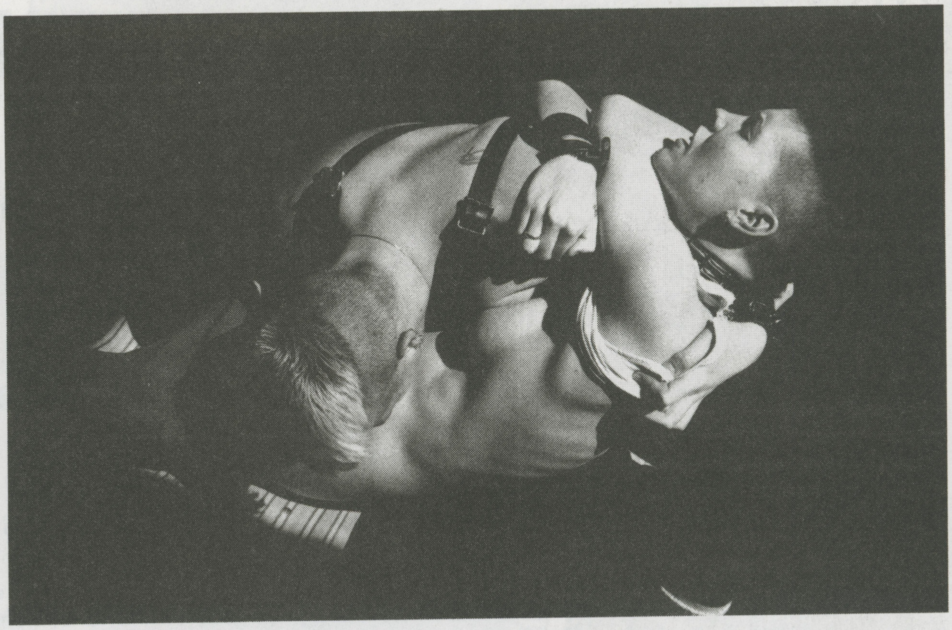
Mary A. Tarbert
Tacoma, WA

LESBIANS HAVE HOT SEX

I can't thank you enough for providing the first step for me to feel good about loving women. Growing up in a small town I was very shy and sheltered from anything remotely non-heterosexual. A few years ago I finally got the guts to purchase a lesbian magazine, but it gave me the impression that all lesbians are soft little femmes who cuddle a lot and don't really fuck. Finding no appeal in that, I buried my feelings until I saw your magazine. God, it really is true—lesbians can have hot and horny sex with each other! I loved the stories "The Spoils" and "Butch Appeal" and Judith Halberstam is as hot as her "Queer Creatures" article was insightful.

Your magazine is helping me live again.

Robin C.
Kenmore, NY


JENNIFER GILMOR

CAMILLE NEEDS A DOMINATRIX

Your interview with Camille Paglia (March/April 93) was welcome and useful, and you showed guts by publishing it. Camille is the best original thinker of our time—there's no one like her, and hasn't been since Ayn Rand. If she often is wrong it's because (a) folks within the academic community mistake language for reality, and (b) risk-taking goes with the territory. It is, as she says, her job to wake people up. She doesn't always have to be right to get that job done (okay?)

She's not a dominatrix, though—she's a bottom, a submissive; and if she knew it and found the right dom, man or woman, her rage would cool off a little and her thinking would be even more provocative.

Good issue.

Chip Elliott
Columbus, OH

I guess my IQ isn't high enough to follow Camille Paglia's snivelling, inconsistent, arrogant, and pathetic diatribe. Why did you even waste precious pages on this misogynist, repressed bitch? If she's the Third Wave of feminism, I'll take the first two!

Why didn't Mimi=Freed walk out in the beginning? Did Camille pose as a dominatrix for *60 Minutes*? Maybe a nice dominatrix will want to show her a thing or two after reading her monologue.

Thank you for your continued variety and diversity—lets me know who the real enemy is.

Eileen Maura Jutras
Tucson, AZ

LOVE ADDICTS CONFESS

I just picked up the January/February issue because of the gorgeous female on the cover. Flipping through the pages while locked in my room, I came across Gentry Lane's article "Addicted to Love Acts." Wonderful! I too am a semi-closeted porno lover. I can't get enough of female bodies. I haven't yet gone to a strip joint, but it sounds interesting.

Also, I loved the censorship article—it was very knowledgeable. (I've never yet had a chance to use saran wrap.) Your magazine is very educational to us baby dykes. And Amanita is *hot*.

Jennifer D.
New Haven, CT

Thank you for your article "Addicted to Love Acts." You wrote half my life story in that article. I am a girl porn addict and proud of it. I get turned on by the short stories in *On Our Backs* and Robbi Sommers' books, and I'm ordering a sample copy of *oui*. I even get turned on by the back section of *Playboy*, with all the ads for erotic videos featuring lesbian lust or beautiful porn stars.

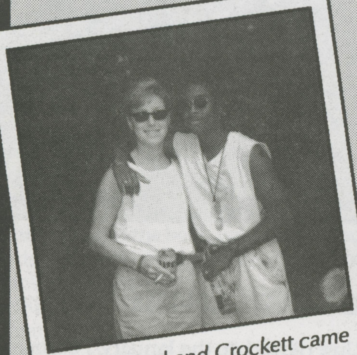
So, Gentry, thank you so much for your article. It takes a lot for a person to come out and talk on a subject like this. Lady, you got guts.

Liz Priest
Cleveland, OH

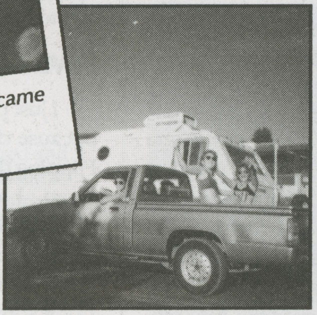
We welcome your comments. Please send letters to Letters Editor, On Our Backs, 526 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114. Every letter must be accompanied by the sender's name and address. Letters may be shortened or edited for clarity.

Dyke on the Street

Starlene insists on going wherever the girls are, so we just couldn't keep her out of the woods! She stuffed a backpack full of lipstick, lube, and lingerie, and went snooping around at the Russian River to find out what the girls were up to at Northern California's semi-annual Women's Weekend.



Hollywood and Crockett came for the camaraderie.



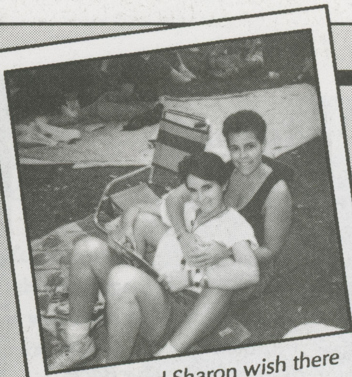
Starlene's favorite part of Women's Weekend— Babes In Trucks!

What's the best thing about women's weekend?

The women!: 39%
Freedom: 26%
The weather: 17%
Other responses included camaraderie, women in trucks, partying, taking off your shirt, others taking off *their* shirts, and seeing cool tattoos.

What would you like to see more of at Women's Weekend?

Responses included daytime disco, free drinks, sliding scale attendance fee, safety at Safeway, sex toys, hot tubs, more nudity, and razors in the bathroom.



Kathy and Sharon wish there was more nudity.

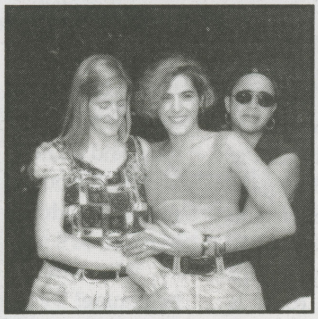
What's the worst thing about women's weekend?

Nothing: 65%
Prices: 18%
Lack of cultural diversity: 15%
Other responses included too much cigarette smoke, too much traffic, and that it only happens twice a year. One woman sighed, "Too many women, not enough time."

What sex supplies did you pack?

Lube: 27%
None: 22%
Lingerie: 16%
Other responses included toys, boxer shorts, handcuffs, and an S/M manual. One woman said, "Myself!" Starlene was chagrined to note that only three interviewees—the go-go dancers—had remembered to pack their latex. The Peer Safer Sex Slut Team ought to pay a visit to the Russian River!

Spanky (middle) packed her boxer shorts—but wouldn't pose in them!



Brandi wearing her favorite sex toy— her red bra.

Fixin' to Come, Ma'am...
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SNEAK PEEK

17TH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL LESBIAN & GAY FILM FESTIVAL

San Francisco's Lesbian & Gay Film Festival hits the city on June 18th with movie premieres from all over the world. Hot out of the camera comes lesbian safe sex public service announcements dressed up as everything from detergent commercials to 1930s period pieces. ***Safe Soap*** sells sex instead of suds, while ***Safer Sister*** delivers the message in both Spanish and English. ***Down on the River*** jumps from the bedroom to the back seat of a car, while ***Girls Will Be Boys*** takes us out on a drag-king date. All these will be shown at a presentation that's a first of its kind: ***She's Safe***—a curated program of lesbian safe sex videos sponsored by **Fatale Video.**

AIDS is the number one killer of women aged 18 to 44, and women are the fastest growing segment of the HIV seropositive population, yet the Center for Disease Control's definition of AIDS remains based on male symptomology, creating a "silent epidemic" in women. There is virtually no HIV/AIDS research gathered on lesbian and bisexual women, leaving us doubly invisible.

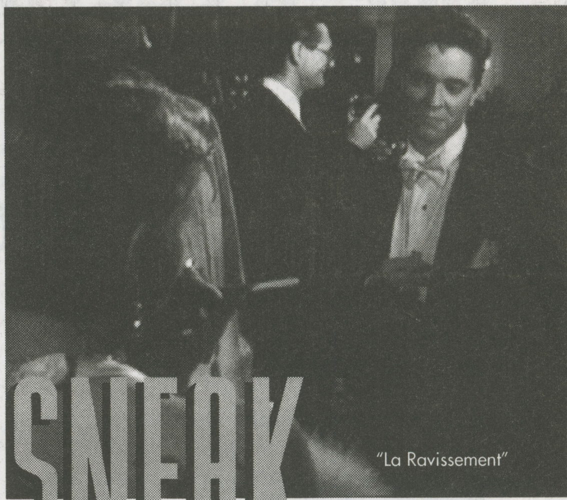
We are in the midst of a lesbian sexual revolution and must learn how to protect ourselves from STDs—which includes producing our own images to educate, protect, and turn us on. **Frameline** and **Fatale Video** hope that ***She's Safe*** is just the beginning.

Featuring PSAs, girls fucking, safe sex info, and a few talking heads, ***She's Safe*** includes work from the United States, Canada, and Great Britain. Leading the event is the North America premiere of ***Well Sexy Woman,*** produced by a British collective including ***Quim*** editors Lulu Belliveau and Sophie Moorcock. The Lesbian and Bisexual Women's HIV Prevention Project from Lyon Martin Women's Health Services and the San Francisco AIDS Foundation will distribute safer sex supplies.

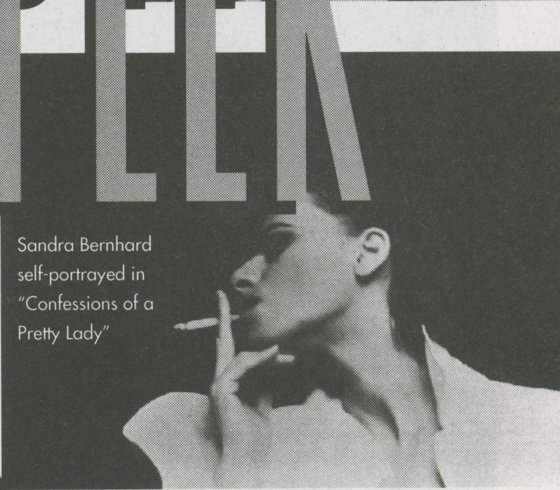
Special Festival programs focus on experimental Asian work, videos reflecting Jewish issues, and a screening workshop featuring lesbian film and videomakers of color.

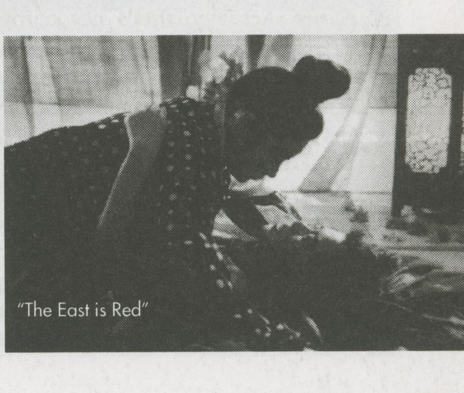
Highlights of the Festival include ***Confessions of a Pretty Lady,*** a new BBC tribute to Sandra Bernhard; ***Forbidden Love,*** a documentary about lesbian lives in the 1950s; and ***An Evening with Pratibha Parmer,*** an overview of works by the British-based South Asian lesbian filmmaker who is this year's **Frameline Award winner.**

For further information about ***She's Safe*** call **Fatale Video** at 800-845-4617. For information about the Festival, call **Frameline** at (415) 703-8650.


"La Ravissement"

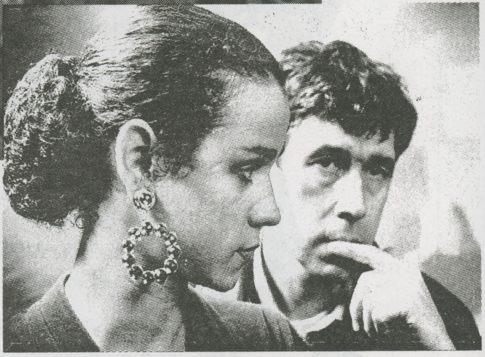
"Safe Soap"


Sandra Bernhard self-portrayed in "Confessions of a Pretty Lady"


"The East is Red"

CRYING AT THE MOON

Claire of the Moon



Dill and Fergus in *The Crying Game*

Like many people interested in the future of lesbian film, I went to my local theatre recently to watch the most recent lesbian-directed feature film: *Claire of the Moon,* directed by Nicole Conn. I can only call my viewing experience devastating, at best. My question is: why weren't the Queer Nation protestors who filled the streets during the shooting of last year's *Basic Instinct* picketing outside *Claire of the Moon*? If you want to protest negative images of lesbians, if you want to intervene in the way that Hollywood sells lesbianism to the mainstream, if you want to raise your voice against heterosexist representations of alternative sexualities, if you care about the future of lesbian film, then *Claire* must be stopped! As a friend pointed out to me, an ice pick would have been all too welcome in this dreary and predictable feature.

> The sex scene contains no dildos, no butch-femme roles, no sex, no scene.

If I were to say "tampon commercial" to you, I would be coming close to describing the emotional pitch and formal complexity of *Claire.* Actually, that's not completely true: I am not being fair to tampon commercials. Let me set the scene: uptight therapist and bad-girl slut are roommates at a women writers retreat. The other writers represent a not very diverse group of stereotypes: the racist and homophobic southern belle, the mousy housewife, a new age spiritualist, and a pushy liberal. The whole deal is run by a butch-femme couple. Therapist is haunted by lost love (a patient); slut agonizes over her waning heterosexuality. Slut and therapist hate sharing a space together, and bring out the best and worst in each other—make that the worst and the worst. Slut reveals sensitive side as she shows her piano-playing skills—although the sound synch was off, so she was frequently playing Chopin without moving her hands. Therapist reveals wild side of herself by drinking and saying the "shit" word or even the "F" word occasionally. As you can imagine, this scenario is a panoply of erotic possibility—Not!

Like your below below-average Hollywood romance, *Claire* moves inexorably towards the climactic bad sex scene. Despite talk of dildos and butch-femme dynamics (therapist's definition of butch: "the butch lover wants to give pleasure, not take it"), the sex scene contains no dildos, no butch-femme roles, no sex, no scene. It was about six or seven minutes long and could easily have been edited down to one or two—hell, after 30 seconds I had to look away. Also, this scene comes at the end, so all sexual identity issues boil down to this final exchange and, we are supposed to believe, all tensions are resolved in vanilla lesbian love.

One of the worst features of this film is the poorly written script. The therapist character keeps lapsing into rambling monologues about the different languages spoken by men and women which make them ultimately incompatible. The slut rightly points out that this makes lesbians—and, I suppose, gay men—the only people who can achieve true intimacy through honest communication. Most lesbian audience members will recognize a crude version of 1970's cultural feminism in these boring little lectures, and will be amazed at how far behind the times this "new" film really is. While director Nicole Conn wants to pay lip service to the issue of sexual diversity, her attempts are drowned out by the whining of her protagonist. And, by the way, don't look for any other kinds of diversity in this film either: all the women are white and resolutely middle-class.

The point I'm trying to make by engaging in this merciless dissection of *Claire* is that the issue of how far we want to take identity politics (lesbian representations of lesbians) rises and falls in the realm of representation: in other words, if a man had made this film, we would have been up in arms. *Claire,* unlike *Basic Instinct,* for one, was shot, edited, produced, and directed by lesbians. But while *Basic Instinct* was made by a man, its depiction of lesbianism and of desire

JUDITH HALBERSTAM

and violence between women was far superior to what we see in *Claire*, and this cannot simply be attributed to money or slick post-production. *Claire* furthermore, will rake in a very tidy box office profit, because even if it is universally panned, lesbians will turn out in huge numbers to see it. In other words, Nicole Conn is becoming rich—actually, staying rich—by exploiting an image-starved audience.

Now, far be it for me to moralize about lesbians exploiting a market that heterosexuals have already plundered, but to milk us for such a pathetic, inferior and patronizing film adds insult to injury. Hand me the ice pick.

Until the day when lesbians are able to inundate the mainstream with our particular brand of innovative, imaginative, and challenging cinema, I for one would take an interesting queer film made by non-lesbians over a banal un-queer feature with impeccable lesbian credentials. Fortunately, queer films *are* being released. I don't know for sure whether Neil Jordan is or is not a lesbian, so I won't speculate about whether his film *The Crying Game* counts as a queer film by a lesbian or a non-lesbian. Nonetheless, *The Crying Game* is a brilliant and thrilling sexual mystery, a blockbuster that exposes queer and mainstream audiences alike to an attractive fantasy of alternative sexuality.

Some writers in the gay press criticized Jordan for shrouding his film in secrecy during its opening run. However, as viewers will know by now, the secrecy does not merely participate in heterosexist power structures by making transvestism a guilty secret, but is integral to the pleasure of the film itself. Not knowing some anatomical facts about the protagonist, Dil, is all-important to the film's construction of a complex web of gender, race, sexuality, and nationality.

Dil, the woman with whom the male protagonist, Fergus, falls hopelessly in love, is anatomically male. There are all kinds of clues that let the discerning or queer viewer in on this secret, yet the narrative is able to maintain the illusion of Dil's femininity for the viewer who cannot tell the difference. Dil's transvestism, then, allows for at least two kinds of viewing experiences, which is why it works on both mainstream heterosexual audiences as well as queers.

The fact that Dil is anatomically male throws all other identities in the film into doubt. In fact *The Crying Game* is a scathing critique of identity politics; accordingly, its backdrop—IRA terrorism—must be read in light of this critique. If gender identities are uncertain, and if sexual instincts often lead us astray, then how much less reliable are concepts such as national identity? This point is made very well in the opening sequence,

(continued on page 44)

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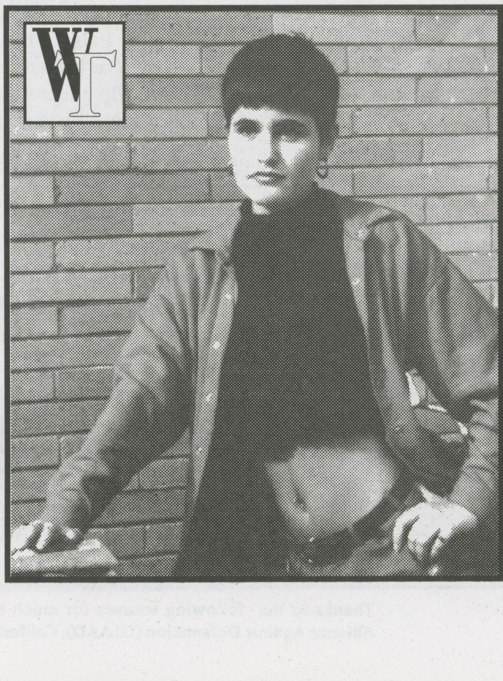

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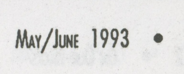
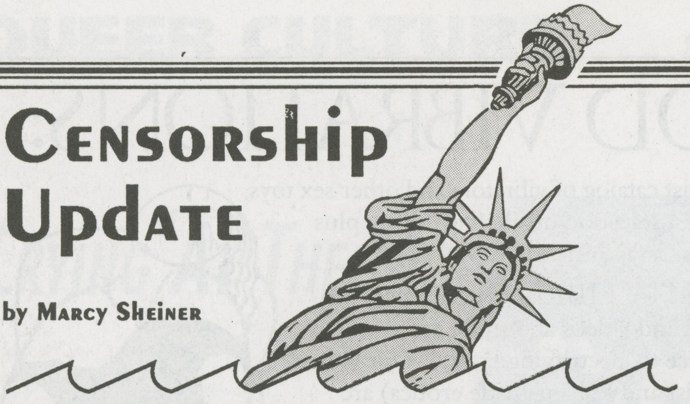
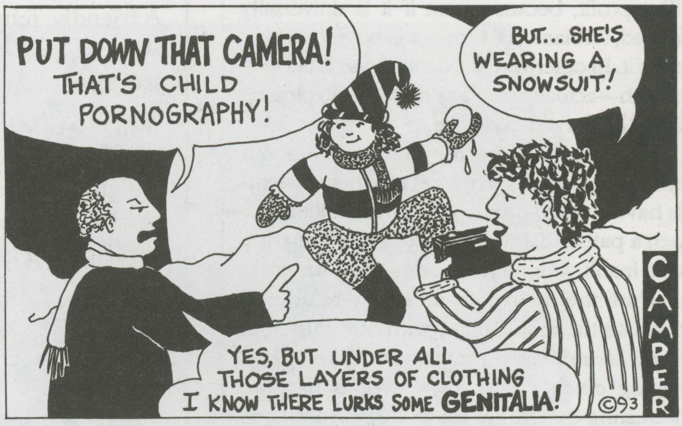


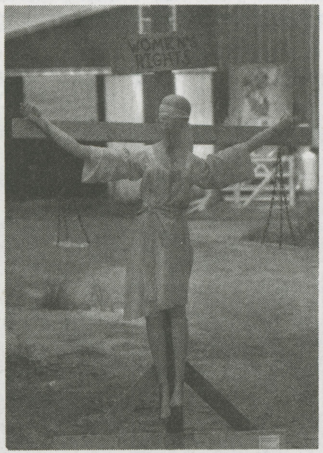
Censorship Update

by Marcy Sheiner



This column brings you information about the wave of censorship threatening and often stifling free expression. So that you can keep reading On Our Backs and other "subversive" materials, take a stand. Be informed. Fight censorship.


PUT DOWN THAT CAMERA! THAT'S CHILD PORNOGRAPHY!
BUT... SHE'S WEARING A SNOWSUIT!
YES, BUT UNDER ALL THOSE LAYERS OF CLOTHING I KNOW THERE LURKS SOME GENITALIA!
©93
CAMPER



ALBERT LEA TRIBUNE, MINNESOTA

Goddess Rejected

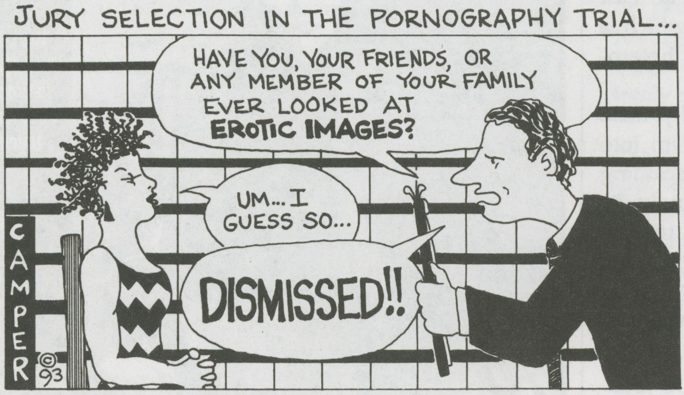
A sculpture depicting a robed, bloodied, and blindfolded female mannequin nailed to a cross with scales of justice hanging from the ends and a sign at the top reading "Women's Rights" was removed from the **4-H Creative Arts** exhibit at the **Freeborn County Fair** in **Minnesota. The ACLU Arts Censorship Project** has filed suit against the Fair Board and the County on behalf of the statue's creator, **Jacob Roth**. The very same board didn't bat an eye at gory photos of fetuses displayed by an anti-abortion group.

Profile Of A Prune

The ideal juror to convict in an obscenity case is a Catholic or Protestant Republican female clerical worker over the age of 50 who has less than a grade school education, lives in the Midwest, and earns under $15,000 a year. So says **The National Opinion Research Center**, which compiles information on attitudes held by the American public into a source book for use by prosecutors. Our recommendation for less censorship: Give these girls an education and an interesting job!

Sad Day For Glad Day

A woman-on-woman rape scene depicted in ***Bad Attitude*** caused a judge to levy a $200 fine on Toronto's **Glad Day Bookstore**. As a result, Glad Day has stopped carrying *Bad Attitude*. "It's very frustrating," says **Kimberly Mistysyn** of Glad Day. "If we don't carry these magazines, the gay community will complain. If we do carry them, we risk being charged again." The **Toronto Women's Bookstore,** which only recently began stocking *Bad Attitude*, is now selling it under the counter. Under Canadian law if police refuse to identify themselves a charge is inadmissible in court—so salespeople first ask if a customer is a cop before admitting to having the magazine.


JURY SELECTION IN THE PORNOGRAPHY TRIAL...
HAVE YOU, YOUR FRIENDS, OR ANY MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY EVER LOOKED AT EROTIC IMAGES?
UM... I GUESS SO...
DISMISSED!!
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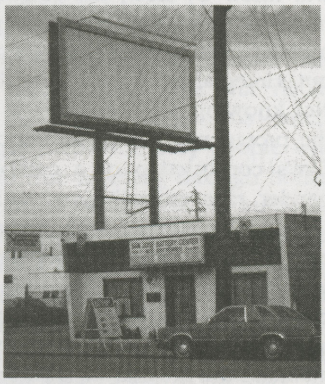
Children Deemed Obscene

A **New Jersey Court of Appeals** has ruled that fully clothed children's genitalia can be deemed obscene. According to the court, such a judgment would apply if the camera "unnaturally focuses on a minor child's clothed genital area with the obvious intent to produce an image sexually arousing to pedophiles." **Stephen Knox** was found guilty of receiving "visual depictions of a minor engaged in sexually explicit conduct" through the mail. Better hide those Sears catalogs under the mattress!

Same Shit, New Name

Women Against Pornography (WAP), the first anti-porn group to claim that its censorship efforts were firmly rooted in feminist principles, has at long last disbanded. Director **Paige Mellish,** saying that "We've lost the war and we cannot win under the Clinton Administration," has gone off to fertilize greener pastures in the Republican Party. Meanwhile, a new anti-porn group has sprung up to fill the gap: **"Enough is Enough"** is a bipartisan organization that claims to be "the only national campaign focused on the mobilization of America's women." The group's initial action was to take out an ad in the *Los Angeles Times* implying that child pornography, legal pornography, and illegal obscenity are all the same. Those who don't study history are indeed doomed to repeat it.



PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

Hidden Visibility

One of the billboards that's part of a campaign for lesbian visibility launched by the **Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD)** has been covered in the wake of a bomb threat received by the automotive store over which it was hung. The billboard, which depicts an expectant lesbian couple, is the only one of 21 such signs that's been targeted by homophobes. GLAAD calls the covered billboard a "stark symbol of invisibility."

Thanks to the following sources for much of the information contained in this column: Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD); Californians Against Censorship (Cal-Act); the ACLU; and *The Spectator*.

NewsNotes

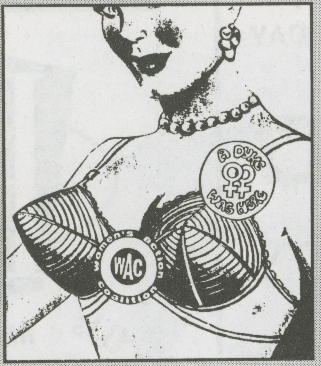
by Shar Rednour

Bastard Out of Oklahoma

Dorothy Allison, on tour promoting the paperback release of her highly acclaimed novel, ***Bastard Out Of Carolina***, has been prohibited by the **Oklahoma State Center For The Book** from serving a three-day residency there. **Rachel Klayman**, Allison's editor, says she does not consider this a case of censorship, but of homophobia. After the action, Oklahoma City and Tulsa were added to Allison's tour because, says Klayman, "The best rejoinder is to send Dorothy there to read so that Oklahomans can hear her and hopefully overcome any prejudices they may have."

Felony Lesbianism On Trial in Nevada

The **Vegas Bust** of **Nina Hartley** and ten other erotic performers reported on in our last issue has turned into a homophobic witchhunt. Though all charges of prostitution and lewd behavior have been dropped, the women are now being charged under an archaic law called the **"ICAN"** statute—that stands for "infamous crimes against nature," better known as homosexuality—proving, once again, that lesbians and sex workers are sisters in crime. Hartley, who stood onstage and lectured the audience on how to make love to a woman while two others demonstrated, is also being charged with pandering for encouraging lesbian activity. Activist **Bobby Lilly**, who coined the term "felony lesbianism," has organized a defense team. To contribute to the effort, send checks to **The Freedom Fund**, 2550 Shattuck Avenue #51, Berkeley, CA 94704.


A DYKE
WAS HERE
women's action coalition
WAC

Maidenform Supports More Than Double D's

Maidenform bras showed more than one kind of support in their latest ad campaign by exhibiting various social and political buttons, including a red ribbon and a pink triangle. Models sported phrases such as "I believe Anita," "Fight Racism," and "Murphy." At the end of the commercials a voice-over recommended "If you have something to say, now is the chance to get it off your chest." The commercials started in the fall, before the election, as part of a campaign called "Vote," and have continued under the title "Support."

Sister Dyke Sister

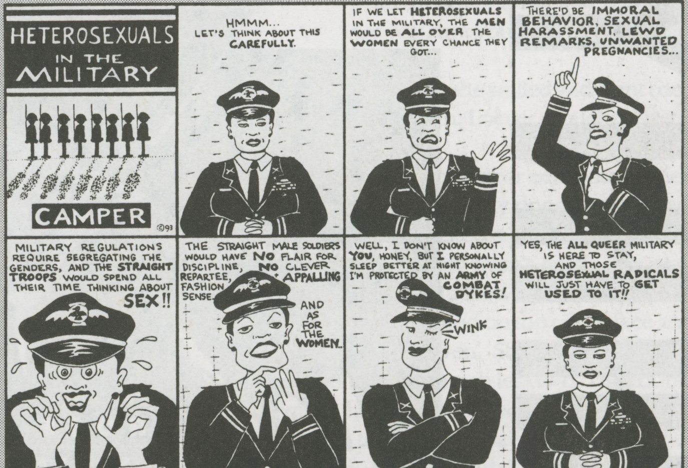
According to a new report by **Northwestern University**, sisters of dykes are four times as likely to be lesbian than sisters of straight women. We hope that hand-me-down genes never go out of style.

Society of Change

Jacqueline Stromberg and **Renee Roberts** celebrated the first same-sex wedding in the Washington D.C. congregation of the **Society of Friends**, also known as the **Quakers**. The Society of Friends have always had progressive vision, exemplified by their fight to end slavery, protesting the Vietnam War, and now advocating for gay rights. "Quakers are pretty adamant about protecting gays and lesbians and promoting civil rights," Stromberg told *The Advocate*.

Lesbian Avengers

"There's a lesbian secretary in every organization, and the one in the mayor's office faxed us his detailed itinerary." That's how novelist **Sarah Schulman** explained the **New York Avengers'** ability to harass the **Mayor of Denver**, following him wherever he appeared on his promotional visit and chanting "Boycott Colorado!" Under the guise of a book promotion tour, Schulman held meetings around the country to organize branches of the **Lesbian Avengers**, who mix outrage with total camp for a new kind of political demo. Unlike many feminist groups that require the *process du jour*, the Avengers plan events quick and efficiently, utilizing only three principles: no theoretical discussions, no critiques, and no telling others what to do—in other words, if you don't want to do it yourself, don't suggest it. Branches have arisen in Tucson, Huston, Durham, San Francisco, Seattle, and Atlanta. Some of the groups' actions are more sweet than savage; for instance, Atlanta's Avengers distributed chocolate kisses to straight woman, who organizer **Lisa Kung** dubbed "our orgasmically challenged sisters." The candies carried the message "You have just been kissed by a lesbian." For info call the **Avenger Hotline** in New York (212) 967-7711, ext 3204.


HETEROSEXUALS IN THE MILITARY
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HMMM... LET'S THINK ABOUT THIS CAREFULLY.
IF WE LET HETEROSEXUALS IN THE MILITARY, THE MEN WOULD BE ALL OVER THE WOMEN EVERY CHANCE THEY GOT...
THERE'D BE IMMORAL BEHAVIOR, SEXUAL HARASSMENT, LEWD REMARKS, UNWANTED PREGNANCIES...
MILITARY REGULATIONS REQUIRE SEGREGATING THE GENDERS, AND THE STRAIGHT TROOPS WOULD SPEND ALL THEIR TIME THINKING ABOUT SEX!!
THE STRAIGHT MALE SOLDIERS WOULD HAVE NO FLAIR FOR DISCIPLINE, NO CLEVER REPARTEE, + APPALLING FASHION SENSE.
AND AS FOR THE WOMEN..
WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, HONEY, BUT I PERSONALLY SLEEP BETTER AT NIGHT KNOWING I'M PROTECTED BY AN ARMY OF COMBAT DYKES!
WINK
YES, THE ALL QUEER MILITARY IS HERE TO STAY, AND THOSE HETEROSEXUAL RADICALS WILL JUST HAVE TO GET USED TO IT!!

Dick Soldier squawks the loudest...

but it's the dyke soldier who gets discharged most often. All we hear about is military men worried about bunking up in "close quarters," but the bigger issue is that quality soldiers are being dismissed because of sexual orientation. While women make up 9.8% of the armed forces, lesbian women account for 23% of all soldiers discharged. What's the problem, boys? Is it that when women resist sexual harassment they're labeled lesbian and are thus easily discharged? With the media marching this military mess into the ground you would think they'd at least talk about the soldiers who are victimized the most.

Meanwhile, **Lesbians and Gays Against Intervention** have launched a campaign to educate gay youth about military service. Although LAGAI doesn't deny that gays and lesbians are entitled to the same rights as heterosexuals in or out of the military, they want to counteract the prevailing propaganda that promises a more secure economic future through military service. LAGAI publishes studies showing chances are slim that the skills gained in the military actually benefit later on, particularly for racial minorities and women. And by signing up with Uncle Sam a woman automatically doubles her risk of being raped, since one in 20 military women is sexually assaulted. For more information write to LAGAI, 3543 18th St. #26, San Francisco, Ca 94110.

—Thanks to Mindy Spatt for much of this information.

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Losing It

"June!" Randi punched my name out like it was a cheer. She finished drying her hair and threw the towel onto the bed. "I hope you Heartland girls make good coffee."

"Oh, sit down and eat." I smiled, then turned to take the coffee off the stove. She sat down in front of the plate of biscuits and gravy with potatoes and eggs on the side—my standard breakfast after a night of indulgence. And had she indulged me! I didn't know about her, but I was famished.

"You know, babe" she said, pointing a biscuit covered fork at me, "you still got your hymen." Randi's New York-style bluntness hadn't bothered me until this.

My mouth dropped open. "I what? Randi, I've been squatting over mirrors since the first edition of *Our Bodies, Ourselves.* I know my vagina."

"Babe," she said between bites, "I've seen and felt a lot of cunts. You still got your sacred shield. You're a virgin."

I sipped my coffee, controlling an urge to shriek. "This is nuts," I said. "I'm a budding sex guru. I'm the one who tells my friends about their bodies. I teach *straight* chicks how to give head."

> **All my experiences were adding up— Women were afraid of hymens!**

But Randi did know women. She was proud of her 32-year-old butch bachelorhood; she'd never dated the same woman for more than six months. That floored me—I was not quite 24, had just moved away from a four-year relationship, and had had a mere handful of other girls.

JACLYN SUZAN

"I'm...I'm...I've always been... I'm just tight," I stammered.

"You're not tight," Randi said through a mouthful of eggs. "Tight can stretch. Hasn't anybody ever popped your cherry?"

After she'd gone, I squatted over a mirror. My cunt lips don't swing down like a lot of women's. I hardly have inner lips at all, as a matter of fact, just a slightly framed slit and a large clit. I spread myself open and looked at the V-shaped membrane just inside my vagina. I touched it. It felt like the thin membrane that connects the tongue to the bottom of your mouth. Thinking of it that way gave me the creeps.

I slumped down onto the bathroom floor. "No," I admitted to myself, "I don't guess anyone has popped my cherry." The phrase brought back ugly memories of a grade school slumber party where older girls had teased me because I didn't know what a "cherry" was. I'd gotten very upset about being ignorant, though I kept insisting that I knew.

JUNE LETOILE

Another memory flooded over me: the image of my ex-lover emerging from the bathroom. She had taken a shower after a hard fuck session, and was warm and wet in her towel robe. "I know why I bled," she'd said. "You popped my cherry."

"I did not!" I shrieked like that grade-school girl.

"Yeah, honey, I think that was it."

"Are you sure you're okay? You don't hurt?"

"I'm great." She smiled and went back to the bathroom. I never thought about it again.

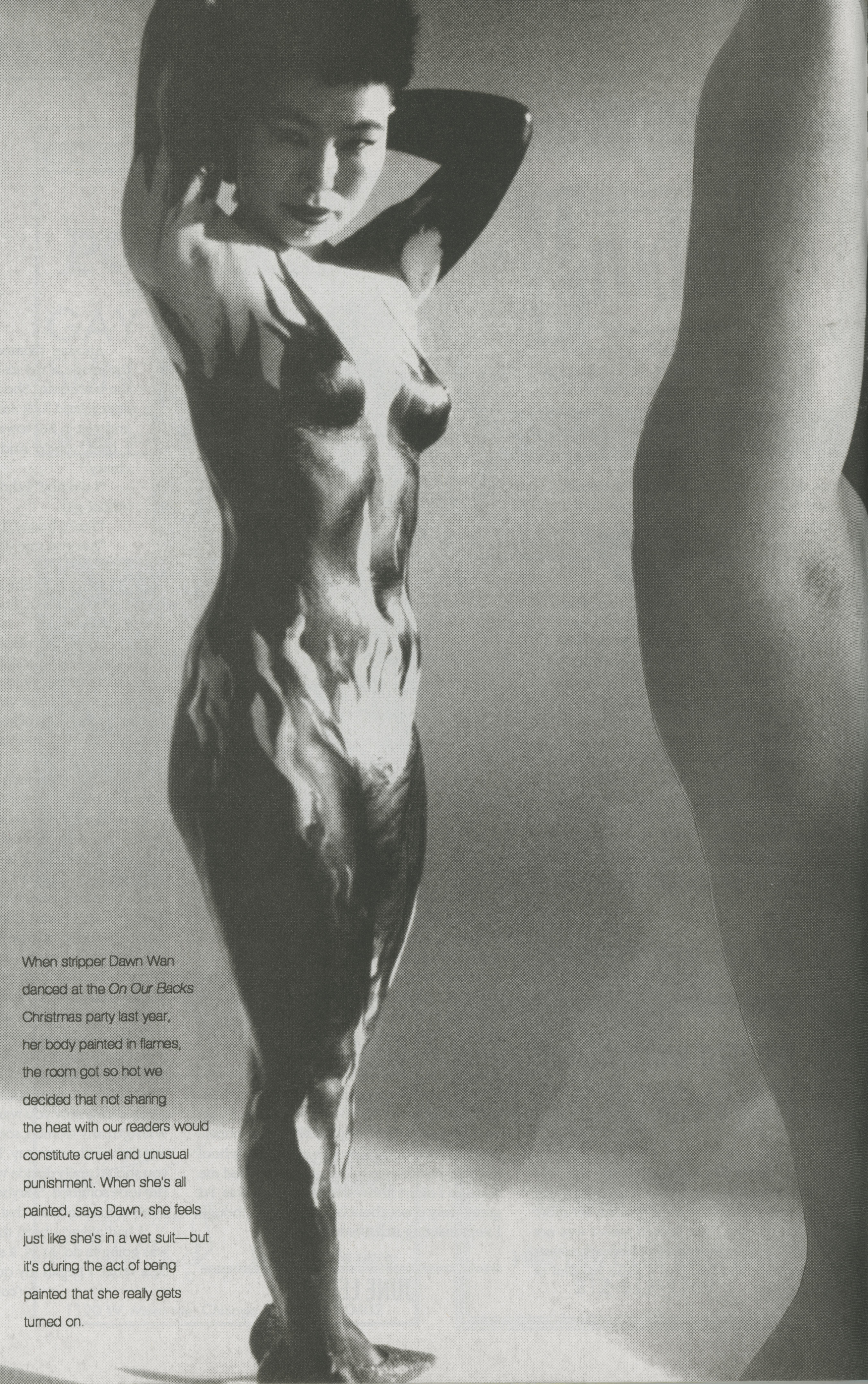
I tried to remember encounters when I could have possibly ripped my hymen. I had never fucked a guy and had never wanted to; I just wasn't much into penetration. I had fucked my ex every which way, then climbed on top of her face and rode into heaven. She'd rarely slipped one finger into me, much less two. The couple of times I had asked for more or for the dildo she would try, but then say she was afraid of hurting me. And although I had fucked a few women since moving to San Francisco, now that I thought about it I recognized a pattern: women getting one finger inside me, then shying away. I hadn't minded, until Randi. No one made me want to be fucked the way Randi did. She was a seasoned butch—I had begged for more and apologized for being tight. Her voice haunted me: "Tight can stretch."

She called me that afternoon from work. "Hey June. How do you feel about what I told you this morning? You know, I was thinking about how I lost my virginity." She paused. "I don't know. I think that it's very special that you get to *decide* how you want to deal with yours. With so many women, something just happens one night with some guy. Then it's done. I think you should really decide what you want to do." Her tone softened. "Maybe this is my chance to share some kindness that I didn't get."

I had already been thinking about what I was going to do. At 24, it seemed like it should be a ritual. I began my quest.

(continued on page 42)

From the Flames



When stripper Dawn Wan danced at the *On Our Backs* Christmas party last year, her body painted in flames, the room got so hot we decided that not sharing the heat with our readers would constitute cruel and unusual punishment. When she's all painted, says Dawn, she feels just like she's in a wet suit—but it's during the act of being painted that she really gets turned on.

Photography by

Liz Zivic

Some of the Fiftysomething films of Barbara Hammer

Dyketactics, 1974.

Women I Love, 1976.

Superdyke Meets Madame X
1976, made with Max Almy.

Stress Scars and Pleasure Wrinkles, 1977.

Double Strength, 1978.

Our Trip, 1980-81.

Arequipa, 1981.

Pond and Waterfall, 1982.

Optic Nerve, 1985.

Would You Like to Meet Your Neighbor/A New York Subway Tape, 1985.

Snow Job; The Media Hysteria of AIDS, 1986.

No No Nooky T.V., 1987.

Endangered, 1988.

The History of the World According to a Lesbian, 1988.

Two Bad Daughters, 1988.
Made with Paula Levine.

Bedtime Stories I, II, III, 1988.

Santus, 1989.

Hot Flash, 1989.

T.V. Tart, 1989.

Still Point, 1989.

Dr. Watson's X-Rays, 1990.

Vital Signs, 1991.

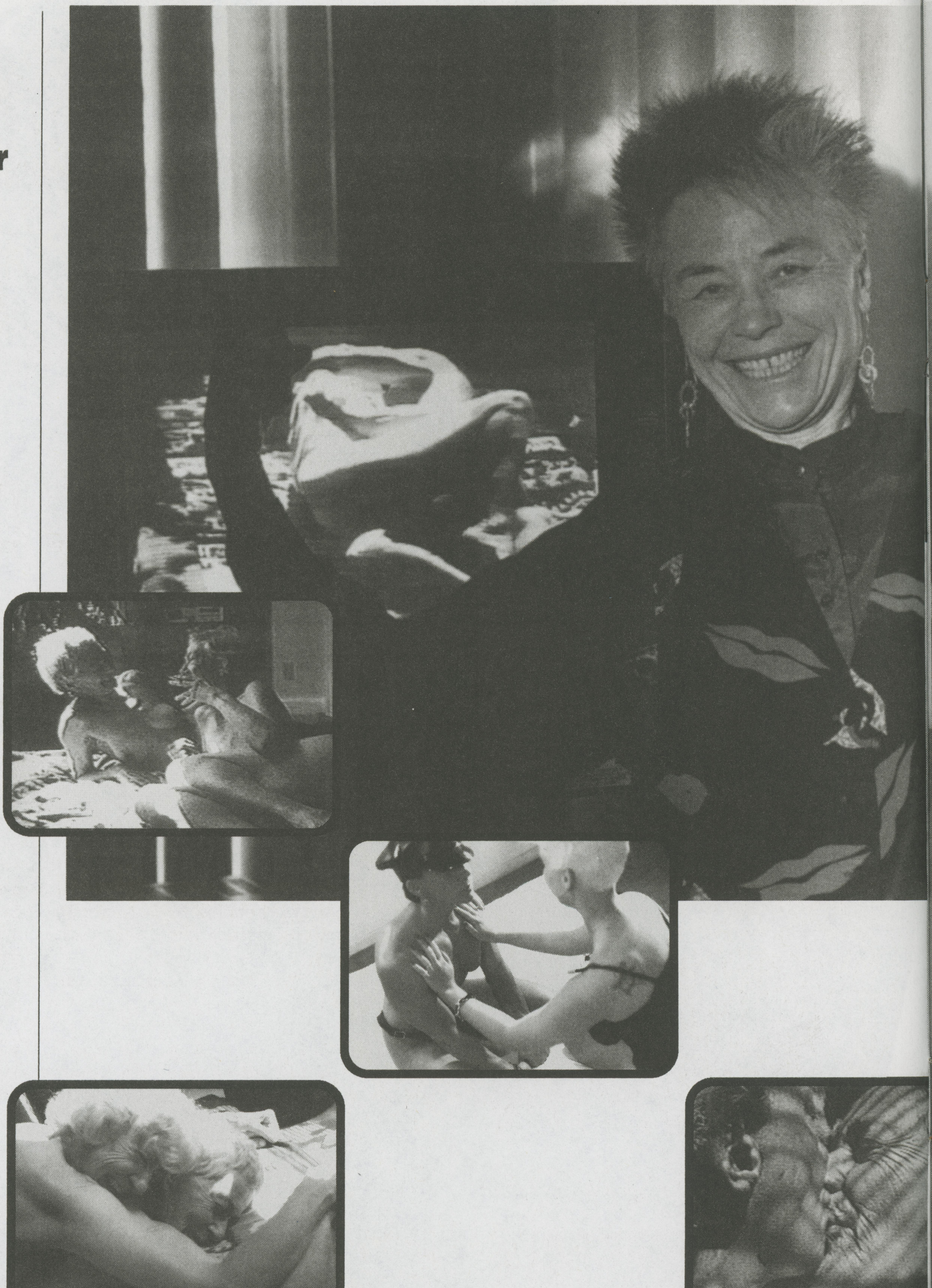
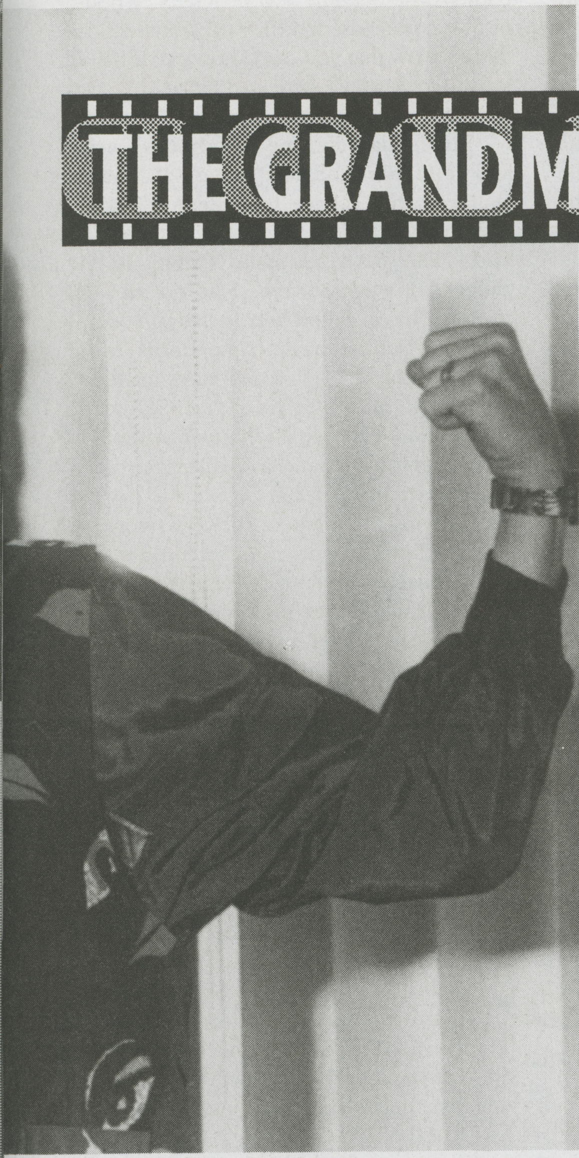


PHOTO BY GENYPHYR NOVAK / STILLS FROM *NITRATE KISSES*, '92



THE GRANDMOTHER OF LESBIAN FILM

Barbara Hammer

INTERVIEW BY DESI DEL VALLE

There's no more appropriate title for Barbara Hammer than "Lesbian Filmmaker," because she discovered filmmaking precisely at the same time that she discovered lesbianism. "As soon as I heard it," she says, "I did it."

In 25 years, this 50-something dyke has made 50-something films and videos. In her tireless efforts to push boundaries—Hammer is not fond of boundaries—expand thinking, and create in a world rampant with destructiveness, Barbara Hammer has been responsible for some of the most sensuous, erotic, and honest portrayals of sexuality ever committed to celluloid. She has not only created films, but has also established venues where women can meet to see them—no easy task when you're the only out lesbian filmmaker, as Hammer was in the 1970s.

I began my conversation with Barbara Hammer by recounting an incident that occurred when her New York distributor, for whom I worked at the time, attempted to have video copies made of Hammer's work in order to sell and rent to their educational market.

"I'm in favor of people making love whatever way they want to. I think what is pornographic is maiming and killing and doing violence to people."

Desi del Valle: So the story goes that the distributor's video duplicator in Chicago called and said "We can't do this, we consider it pornographic." At first I said, "Oh, okay, I'll just dub it locally," and then I said, "Wait a minute—what do you mean 'pornographic'?" They said their company's policies prohibited them from duplicating anything that appeared pornographic, and *Dyketactics* struck them as pornographic. What do you think of that?

Barbara Hammer: I think that for most people just seeing sexuality, people making love, is pornographic, and they think it shouldn't be shown. I don't have that viewpoint at all. I don't like a lot of porn because it has no imagination—it's like lovemaking that doesn't have imagination. If there's creativity involved, then the creative act is happening with the videographer and the filmmaker as well as the sexual partners. Then it's interesting.

Dyketactics was made in 1974—it's almost 20 years old. It was a coming out film, celebrating what it was like to make love with a woman. I wanted to show that it was terrific, that I had never experienced anything like it before. ➤

I had been heterosexual and I found a lot more touching in lesbian relationships. Even the most subtle touch had a greater significance between lesbians. That's why there are 110 cuts {in *Dyketactics*}, and every cut has a sense of touch about it. I was trying to make a lesbian commercial.

DDV: Do you think *Dyketactics* would sell in a porn shop?

BH: Oh, I don't know. It doesn't fit in that genre. It's personal: it's not set up for voyeurism. The cinematographer is stroking. She's part of the sexual play that's going on. There's a whole sequence with lots of women who are touching things in nature and dancing. The point of the film isn't orgasm—in fact, there isn't an orgasm in it. When I was starting to show that to audiences around the U.S. they said, "Oh, what are you trying to say? 'Lesbians don't have orgasms?'"

Multiple Orgasm has eight orgasms in it, and that isn't porn either. If you put it in a porn store, it wouldn't fit. *Multiple Orgasm* and *Dyketactics* don't look like *Deep Throat*, they don't look like *Hayfever*, they don't look like a Fatale production. They look like Barbara Hammer films. There's a person behind the camera.

DDV: Who is that person behind the camera?

BH: Christine Saxton, who recently died of cancer, was the cinematographer for *Dyketactics.* I directed her to stroke the women who were making love—I was one of them—by moving the camera over us. When I am shooting intimate scenes, i am intimate as well. We're in close quarters, I engage in talk, I become involved. It's moving, not static.

DDV: What did you think of *On Our Backs* when it first appeared?

BH: At first I thought it was great. For a long time I had been trying to treat intimacy as just another part of our lives. But I matured, and I didn't feel that the magazine matured. *On Our Backs* needs to move beyond simple depiction of sexuality to analysis and theory of sexuality, and to recognize that our notions of gender and sexuality are constructed.

DDV: Let's go back to my incident in Chicago for a minute. If you had been in my position with the duplicator, would you have pursued the matter? Would you have made an issue out of it instead of giving up and going with another service?

BH: Yeah, I would have asked them what their definition of porn was. I would have taken it to my management to see if they'd support me. I would ask the company for a xerox of their by-laws that said they can't reproduce these videos. Maybe I would even alert Women-in-the-Director's-Chair in Chicago, or Women in Film. Then it wouldn't just be one person fighting a system; there would be a group of people saying, "You're denying women's eroticism. You're denying women's desire." Women could boycott that dubbing service. They might have their consciousness raised or they might not want to deal with it.

There have been a lot of situations where my films have been stopped. Projection has been stopped, or a porn squad has had to look at them. I've done different things at different times. Sometimes I regret what I haven't done. There's no blame in terms of what you did .

DDV: If a similar film had been made about men and women, do you think the same problem would have occurred?

BH: That would have been a great question to ask them.

Found footage from 1930 German narrative film used in *Nitrate Kisses.*

DDV: But I'm asking you.

BH: Oh! [laughter] I'm not homosexist. I'm in favor of *people making love* whatever way they want to. I think what is pornographic is maiming and killing and doing violence to people. I don't think that lovemaking belongs in that realm. If you repress sexuality then it will erupt in another form. If it were part of life like everything else, took its natural place in work, play, eat, sleep, lovemaking, defecating, whatever else we do as a species, then it wouldn't return in the the form of porn. It would be much more varied.

DDV: Was there any particular time when this kind of censorship happened?

BH: Well, it's happened throughout my life. There was one time in the South at a Universalist church—the women and feminists in town, probably the lesbians, were doing a women's film festival. They were showing *Dyketactics, Double Strength,* and *Women I Love,* and the town "fathers" shut down the church. Another time a women's coffee house in Tokyo purchased the film *Menses,* and since there's a law that you can't show pubic hair in Japan I took a little stencil and inked triangles over the many pubes.

But the hardest time was about six years ago in Buffalo. The host, Steve Gallagher of Hallwalls, had planned a screening in a gay club in town. He met me at the airplane and said, "The porn squad is waiting in the gallery." I was shocked. I asked why he couldn't have called me in New York—I maybe wouldn't have come under those circumstances. Or I could have called a lawyer and gotten some advice. So there I was again, a single individual without a group behind me, and in a dilemma: was I going to disappoint 200 people and say I'm not showing my work, or show the work, sit there with the self-proclaimed censors, and be humiliated? It was very embarrassing to have these men look at the work and decide whether it was pornographic or not. And after they saw *Dyketactics* and said it was okay, I asked, "What do you think is pornographic?" They responded: "Women beating up men. Or having nude children in the film." I said, well, I don't have either of those so you might as well go home. They showed up that night at the club. I hadn't shown them *Superdyke* but there's a scene at the end where girls about 12 years old are walking through a field with a group of adult women. These policemen said: *"You've got nude girls in this!"* and I said, "That's their *mother* that they're walking with!" That entire experience was shocking to me.

DDV: What did they use to justify having porn houses in their own communities and then stopping these kinds of community art screenings?

BH: That's what I don't understand: the people who are censoring fine art, not commercial "art." I was on a panel at a conference in Upper Ontario to discuss women's erotic cinema. I was going to show *Multiple Orgasm* as an example, and this woman who was visibly shaking came up to me and said, "If you show that film I'll have to seize it." She was a representative of the {Canadian} state censor. In fact, *Nitrate Kisses,* which has sexuality in it, is playing in Toronto in September at the Festival of Festivals. I was worried, as I just sent a tape today across the border. They said there was no problem with the festival. So it seems like a lot of rules bend where the authorities want it to bend, and it's tight where they want it to be tight.

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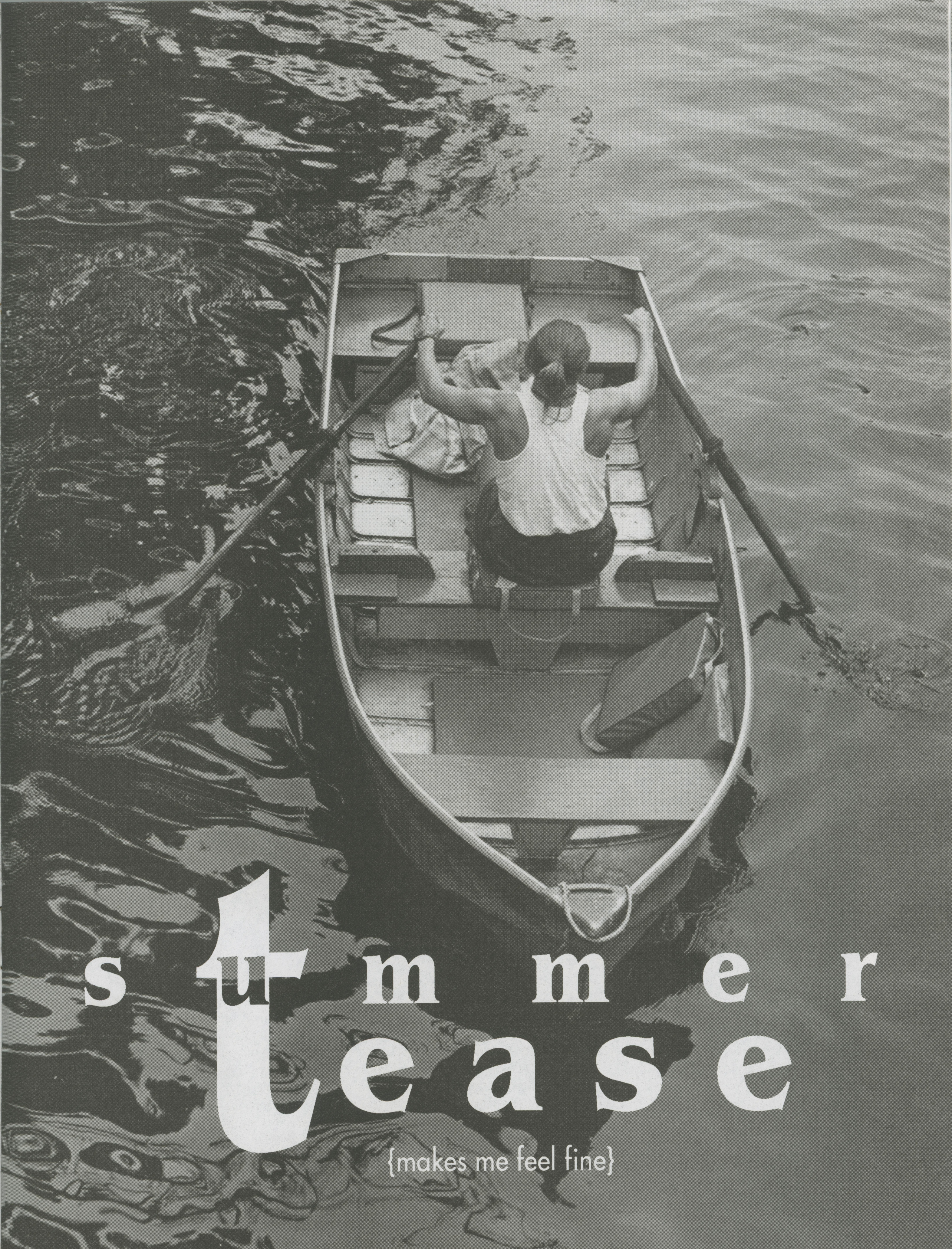


summer tease

{makes me feel fine}

ON OUR BACKS 1993 Summer Tease ~ Photography by Bonnie Daley

Denise Bailey

Astrological Sign:
Taurus

Role Model:
Hillary Rodham Clinton

Favorite Body:
Linda Hamilton

Favorite Body Parts:
Tits & Thighs

Favorite Femme:
Dame Edna

Favorite Magazine:
GirlJock

Favorite Hideaway:
Bed & Breakfast with a hot tub and a view

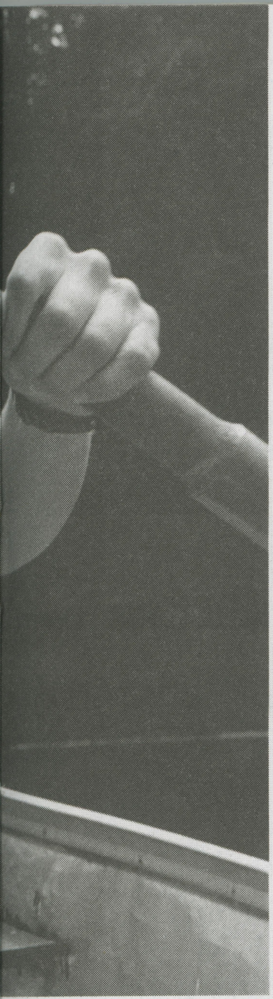
Favorite Date:
3 gallons of Wesson oil and 5 Twister boards

Reasons to work out:

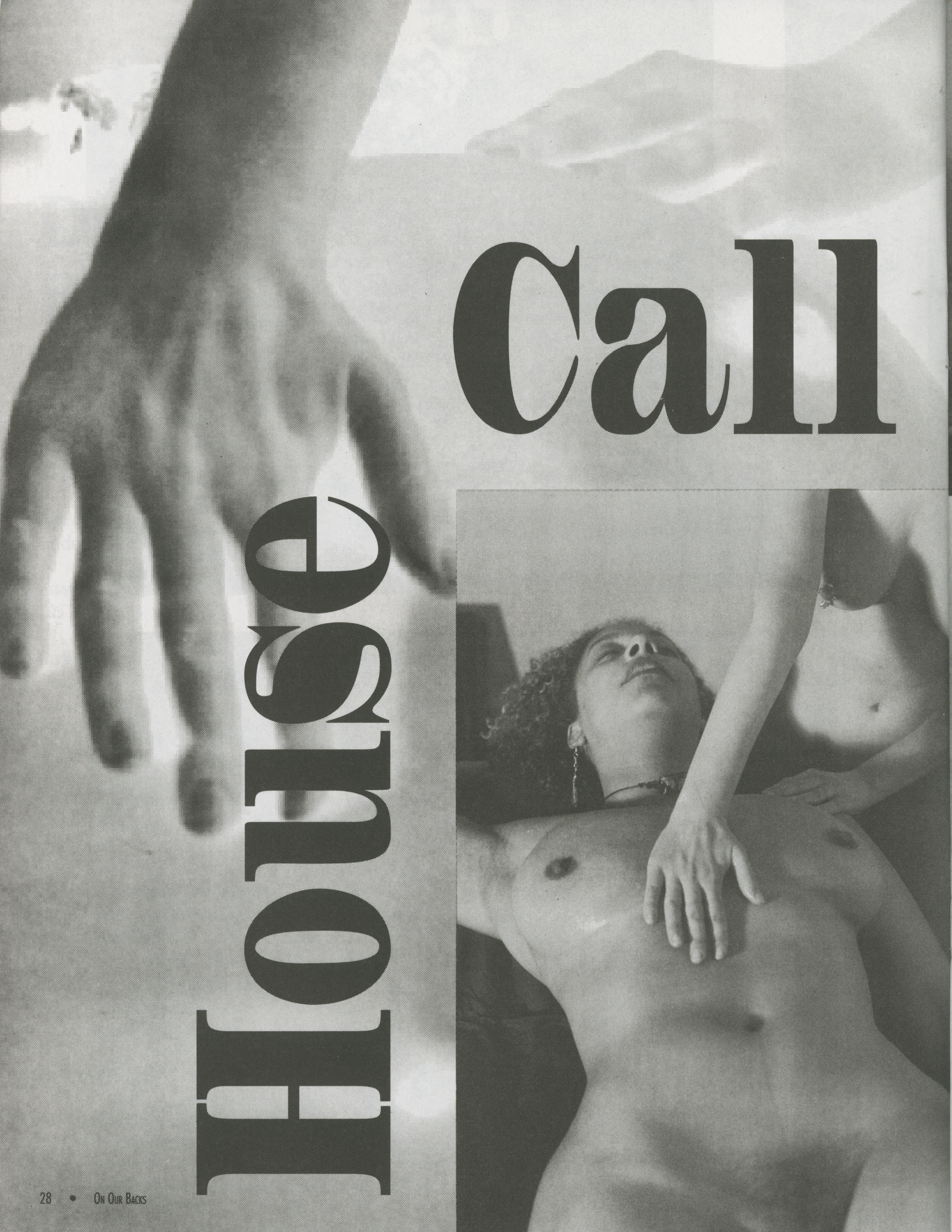
1. Strength and stamina, on the track and in the sack
2. People notice my muscles
3. It's easier to meet babes

PHOTOGRAPHY

By Bonnie Daley



House Call



PHOTOS BY AMY MARQUEZ

Fiction

By Missy Gentile

Her back was smooth like ice. I rubbed extra virgin olive oil into the feverish skin, my strokes long and deep. I was starting to get into a groove with my hands while my mind fantasized about her ass and my nose took in her musky smell. My eyes travelled over all six feet of her. My pussy twittered.

"I'm sorry, Astrid, what did you say? I really must have been concentrating hard to not have heard you." If she only knew what I was concentrating on! I wished she did.

"Macula," Astrid said in her deep husky voice, "will you spend the rest of the hour on my legs, especially the backs, because I worked hamstrings at the gym today and they're tight and sore."

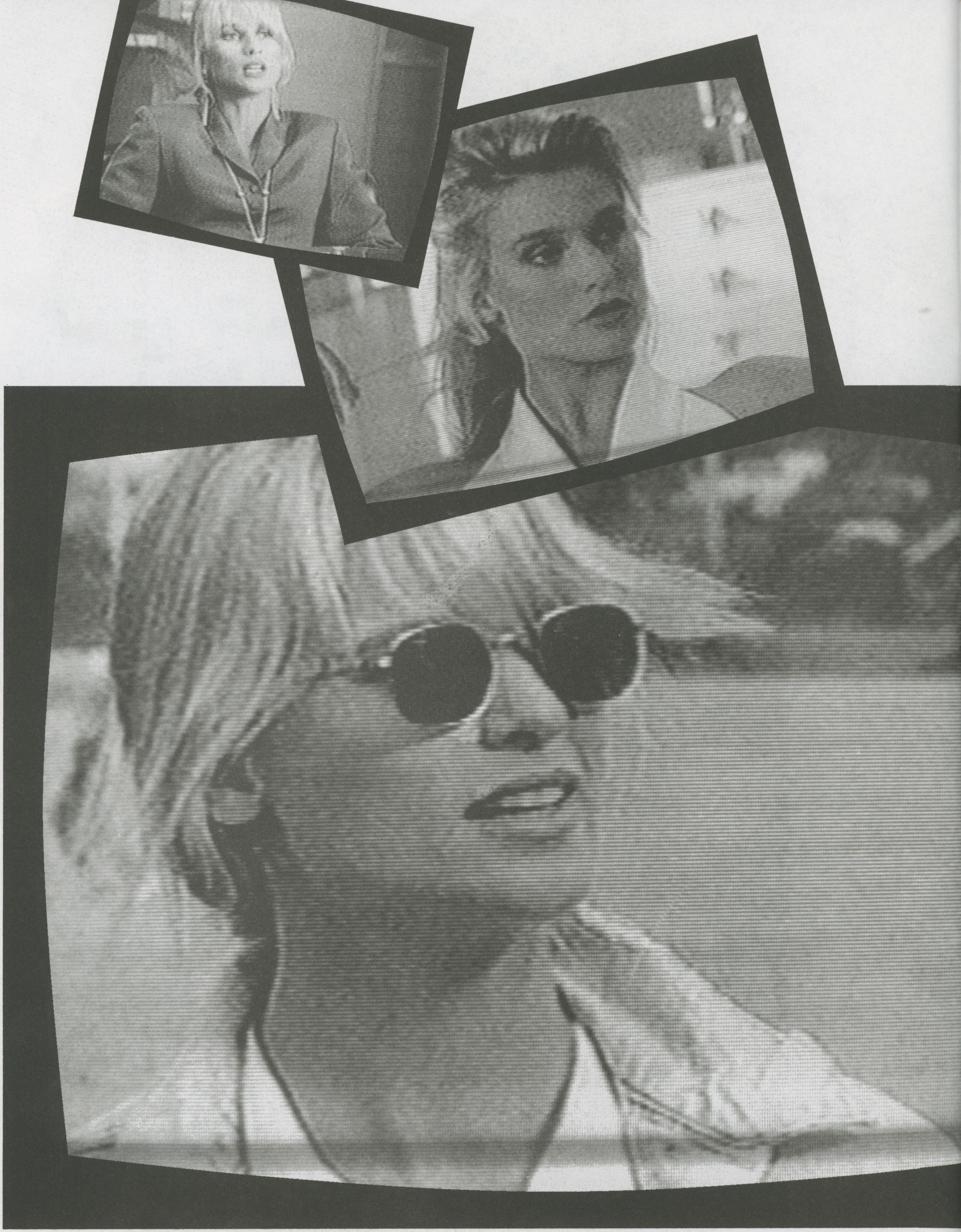
I couldn't wait to spread the extra virgin on those long muscular legs.

"Sure," I said, glad that she had her face down and didn't see the smile on my face.

Astrid was my new massage client. She'd called and said she had no transportation to my office, but if I made a house call she would pay me an extra $25. As a rule I don't make house calls, but something in her voice changed my mind. It was the way she said my name, something like *"Mac u laaa,"* really drawn out and seductive. Plus, she had a foreign accent, which I couldn't quite identify. I have a weakness for accents and husky voices.

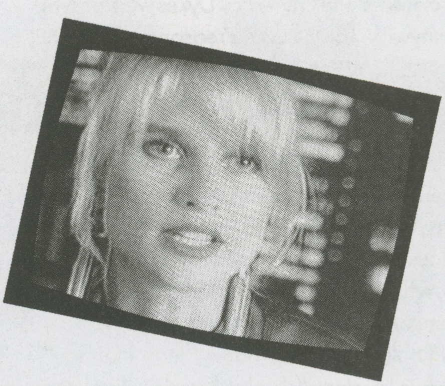
I sucked her clit, and slowly inserted two fingers, gently moving in and out, getting her pussy ready to take my fist.

(continued on page 44)



Stills from Knots Landing

MY VISIT TO Knots Landing



Ten–thirty Thursday night and I was depressed. In just half an hour another season of *Knots Landing* would be over. I knew it would end with a cliff–hanger; my friends and I had predicted weeks ago that in the final episode Gregg Sumner, the archetypal greedy financier, would be left in some Intensive Care Unit, doomed to die without a liver transplant. True to our prophecies, he was now nearly comatose. Paige was frantically phoning organ banks while her boyfriend Tom accused her of loving Gregg more than she loved him, and Mac, her father, exhorted her to let the old bastard die. Sure enough, the credits rolled across Paige's gorgeous face while she was on hold with the friendly liver depository.

I sighed. No more would Thursday night from ten to eleven be my sacred hour, during which I didn't even answer my phone. Now I was doomed to watching reruns of *L.A. Law* while pining away for Paige, with her collagen-inflated lips, flaxen hair, and size two body.

I was about to switch off the set when *Knots'* resident loon, Valine, appeared on screen. "Hey all you Knotheads, how would you like to win a date with your favorite resident of Knots Landing?" My senses came immediately alert. I grabbed a pen and paper and hastily took down the information. According to Val, all I had to do was write a one-page essay explaining why whomever I chose was my favorite character, and I'd win a date with him or her.

Piece of cake! Shaking with excitement, I ran to my desk and dashed off a masterpiece. I said that I chose Paige because I had watched her grow from a bratty 20-year old into the quintessential liberated woman. Paige, I wrote, managed to retain her feminine vulnerability without letting anyone fuck her over—modifying my language, of course. Almost as an afterthought I alluded to the pouty lips, equestrian legs, and classy style. ➤

FICTION BY MARCY SHEINER

When it came time to sign my name, I hesitated. Val had not stipulated that one's choice had to be of the opposite sex, but Knots was relentlessly heterosexual. Dykes were drawn to it anyway, for the same reasons as straight women—in Knots Landing, women had it all: money, power, love, and, not least important, fabulous wardrobes. They called most of the shots, while the men, with the notable exception of Sumner, limped along obediently.

WHAT WOULD PAIGE DO, I WONDERED, WHEN SHE DISCOVERED THAT I HAD NO BALLS?

I finally signed my name "Jerry Harmon" —a white lie, since I'd only altered the first letter of my first name. For the next few weeks I hovered anxiously around my mailbox, nearly tackling the postman on several occasions. Finally I saw the TV station's insignia on an envelope. I braced myself for rejection and tore it open.

Holy Christ, I had won! In two weeks I would be flown, all expenses paid, to L.A., where I'd be met by a chauffeured limo and escorted to Paige Mathiesson's door. She would personally show me around the set of *Knots Landing,* where I'd meet the cast, and then we'd dine in an elegant Beverly Hills restaurant. I'd be put up at the Beverly Hills Hilton, and flown home the next day.

I couldn't believe it. Now what? Did I just show up as my own female self, possibly freaking out my precious Paige, or should I go in drag? I studied my face in the mirror, pulling my hair back. Though I'm no butch, with a cut and the right clothes I could probably pass. Hell, in my most radical non-shaving, no makeup phase I'd occasionally been mistaken for a guy. It was worth a try.

* * *

Dressed in a three-piece double-breasted navy blue suit that had cost an arm and a leg (I never realized men's clothes could be more expensive than women's!) I descended the airplane and entered the bright L.A. sunlight. Sure enough, there was the trusty Carlos, Gregg Sumner's servant, standing beside a shiny black limo, waving a sign with my name on it.

"Welcome to L.A., Mr. Harmon," he said. Well, I'd fooled him, at least—and no slouch was he, the only resident of Knots who knew every move Gregg Sumner made and why.

We rode through busy city streets until the limo turned into a residential area. After several twists and turns, we pulled up in front of a fancy apartment building which I immediately recognized as Paige's.

"Ms. Mathiesson will be out in a moment," Carlos informed me before disappearing into the building.

My palms were clammy. I checked my face in the mirror. I'd exchanged my usual cream bleach for black dye, so that now I had a convincing shadow on my upper lip. My hair was short and slicked back. My padded shoulders looked almost manly. I could pass. Hadn't I fooled Carlos?

Paige came out of the building wearing a divine suit of white linen, the skirt mid-thigh, the jacket pulled tightly around her tiny waist. Carlos opened the door and she climbed in, her long stockinged legs leading the way. She held out a perfectly manicured hand and smiled graciously.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Harmon."

"Please," I said, in a voice lower than my normal range, "Call me Jerry."

"Jerry. I read your essay. It was extremely flattering."

"Glad you liked it."

"Carlos," Paige said, knocking on the back seat glass, "we'll stop at the cul-de-sac first." She turned to me and explained apologetically, "Mac is waiting to meet you. We might as well get it over with." She rolled her eyes in mock exasperation.

I laughed knowingly. Of course Mac would want to meet me before I could dine with his daughter; he gave all her boyfriends the third degree.

"You know, Jerry," she said conspiratorially, "he never likes my dates, so don't be hurt if he's rude to you" She touched my shoulder lightly. "Then again, he might like you—you're so, well, gentlemanly. Unlike Tom or Gregg."

"Thank you, Paige," I said demurely, my bound chest expanding with pride: I'd beat out Tom the hunk and Gregg the billionaire!

We arrived in front of the MacKenzie home. As we emerged from the car, curtains up and down the street flew open, and faces appeared at every window. The folks at Knots Landing never miss a move—unless, of course, someone is being forcibly drowned in a backyard swimming pool. *Then* it takes an entire season to find the killer.

Karen appeared just as the babysitter was ushering her adopted daughter (biologically Gregg's) out the door. She beamed at us and extended her hand.

"You must be Mr. Harmon. We've been so eager to meet you." She led us into the house, where Mac sat on the sofa, arms folded across his chest, scowling. He looked me up and down, making no attempt to hide his distrust.

"What do you do for a living?" Mac asked before introductions were even made. I was about to give my prepared rap about being a paralegal in an environmental firm—the only occupation I'd hit on that was sure to be a winner with this classic liberal lawyer—when suddenly there was a loud shriek from outside. Mac was on his feet and out the door in a flash. We all followed.

Val was standing in the middle of her lawn aiming a gushing hose into the air and screaming hysterically. "He's back, Danny's back!" Mac ran over, turned off the hose and held Val protectively while she sobbed. Looking over her shoulder he explained that she'd been seeing Danny's ghost ever since she'd bumped her head on an open kitchen cabinet. Luckily, Gary arrived home and took over the full-time job of protecting his wife from her own mind, and Mac sauntered back across the lawn. Just as we reached the door there was a loud crash from the house on the other side. Again Mac took off, arriving in time to deftly catch Frank's daughter Julie, who was tumbling off a ladder. Paige looked at me and rolled her eyes. "My family," she moaned. "Come on, Jerry, let's split."

I breathed a bit easier as we took off — if anyone was going to sniff trouble, it would have been Mac. Paige knocked on the window and told Carlos, "Skip Mr. Sumner's, please. We'll go right to the restaurant." Turning those marvelous lips and eyes in my direction she said, "You didn't really want to meet Gregg, did you Jerry?"

I shook my head dumbly and breathed easier; I could not have handled Gregg. God knows what kinds of scathing remarks he would have directed at me—maybe he'd even see through my disguise.

(continued on page 41)

COLLEEN & SOPHIA

Photos by Morgan Gwenwald

REVIEWS

STONE BUTCH BLUES
A Novel/Leslie Feinberg

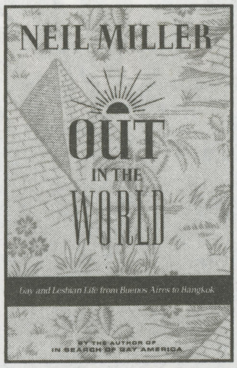
STONE BUTCH BLUES

By Leslie Feinberg
Firebrand Books

Reading Leslie Feinberg's autobiographical novel is like opening a wonderful time capsule: all the memories ring true and strike chords that will resonate with women who lived through the working class butch/femme world of the 50s and 60s.

In the first third of the book there's a sense of desperation to tell the story that seems larger than the story itself, that of a lonely girl struggling with her gender identity and sexual orientation as well as her physical survival. But by the time the main character, Jess, has had a few run-ins with both the guys and the butches in her working world, she's established as someone to care about, and the story overcomes its earlier limitations. As Jess comes into herself we grow along with her, following one butch path into the 70s, dragging a heart full of hope through the pain of difference, emerging strong and still willing to love.

Jess learns many of life's brutal lessons, and her path is illuminated by emotions that are very real, not contrived or polemical. What changes these blues into a meringue is Jess's unwavering sense of respect and dignity for both herself and others. Feinberg, who considers herself more of a historian than a novelist, has held up a clear mirror of the society she writes about; historian or novelist, she has the soul of a poet. Her story provides a glimpse into the lives of the transgendered, showing that the polarization they embody and which most people accept as inviolate is really a focal point for social confusion and individual projection—as well as an opportunity for discovering truth.—*Butch Jamie*


NEIL MILLER
OUT IN THE WORLD
Gay and Lesbian Life from Buenos Aires to Bangkok
BY THE AUTHOR OF IN SEARCH OF GAY AMERICA

OUT IN THE WORLD

Gay and Lesbian Life from Buenos Aires to Bangkok

Neil Miller
Random House

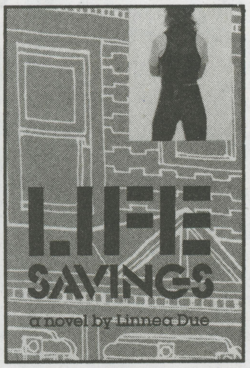
Can't make that trip across the ocean? Well, you don't need a passport to travel with Neil Miller, author of *Out in the World.* Miller, writing from South Africa, Egypt, Hong Kong, Thailand, Japan, Argentina, Uruguay, Austrailia, New Zealand, Czechoslovakia, Germany, and Denmark, reports on the lives of gay men and lesbians (when he can find them—where are you, girls?); on their experiences, identities, and liberation movements; and on the cultural contexts that inform everyone's life. The author of *In Search of Gay America,* Miller is sensitive to the social and political situations that color people's lives and promote or hinder gay identities and communities.

Out in the World is a collection of community "portraits." While each locale is distinct and self-sufficient, common concerns throughout the book serve a multicultural agenda. To understand queers across the globe, Miller asks each community about the nature of "sexuality and relationships, social patterns and community-building, politics and culture, and the impact of AIDS." In the process, Miller notes, "more fundamental questions" arose:

"Just what did "gay" or "lesbian" or even "homosexual" mean? Was a gay or lesbian identity (as distinguished from behavior) merely a Western cultural notion? How relevant was the dichotomy we in the West set up between "homosexual" and "heterosexual," between "gay" and "straight" to a non-Western society...?"

Because these theoretical questions are explored as a byproduct of interviews rather than as structuring precepts, their consequences are not uniformly realized. Critical challenges to Western notions of gay liberation are often missed or remain on the surface because contradictions between experience and self-definition were left unplumbed. The result is a missed opportunity for both Westerners and non-Westerners to gain reciprocal understanding.

The thrust of the book is not so earnestly theoretical, however. As a journalistic chronicler of gay and lesbian life, Miller makes a reliable tour guide, sensible and steady if not overly adventurous. Whether building relationships systematically or anecdotally, he allows a given community to reveal itself on its own terms. As a respected journalist and gay activist Miller is able to get people to share some of their dreams. You won't need a Berlitz guide to translate *them.* Miller's reportage is sympathetic, kindly, and mildly humorous at times. It is never judgmental, but it is also never passionate.—*June Reich*



LIFE SAVINGS

By Linnea Due
Spinsters Book Company

A good lesbian novel is hard to find. Either the plot and characters become sacrificed to an ideological agenda, or the author is so enamored of her own coming out story that the narrative deteriorates into adolescent sentimentality. *Life Savings* by Linnea Due represents a welcome departure from these literary pitfalls.

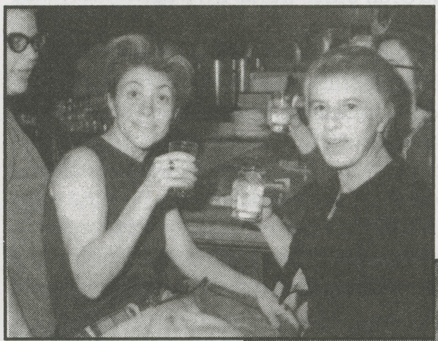
Aspiring writers would do well to study the way that Due weaves information about the practice and theory of S/M into a seemingly unrelated plot—a group of lesbians renovating an old Victorian house. S/M is presented as a natural part of a relationship, and Due describes the protagonist's problems being open with her friends about her sexuality in a realistic way that avoids didacticism.

Other themes, not all of them particular to lesbians, surface: urban gentrification, race relations, alcoholism, the hazards of earthquakes. The modern-day dyke generation gap is poignantly addressed when the main renovation team hires an assisting crew 20 years their junior.

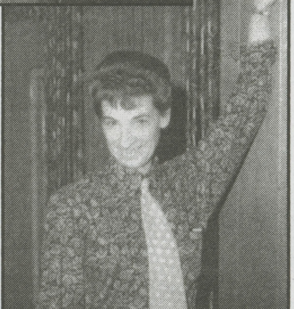
All these themes are seamlessly incorporated into less than 300 pages and provide, in the end, exactly what any novel should: a good read.—*Marcy Sheiner*

Last Call at Maud's

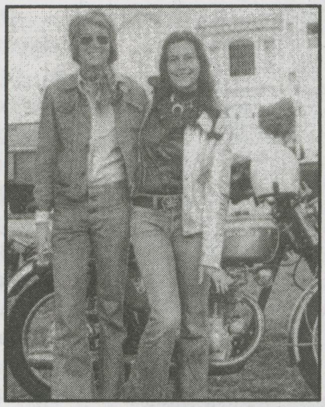
Where Everybody Knows Your Name



Opening Night, 1966.
Owner Rikki Streicher on left.



Opening Night, 1966. Door person "Mean Jean Greene."



Sandra May and Louette Colombano's 1974 portrait was auctioned from Maud's wall on closing night.

Bartender Jonna Harlen (L) and owner Rikki Streicher (R) at Maud's 15th Anniversary, 1981.

Imagine turning *Cheers* into the story of a lesbian bar. Instead of Ted Danson and Kirstie Alley, try Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon. There's Joanne Loulan and Sally Gearhart clinking Calistogas, Pat Norman and Jo Daly shooting pool, and Mary Wings cruising in the back. The subject of tonight's episode? Lesbian culture 101, from the birth of the Daughters of Bilitis to the joys of softball, told during the last bittersweet days of Maud's, San Francisco's oldest lesbian bar.

When she began her film project in early 1989, Paris Poirer never planned to spend hours watching Super-8 movies of old softball games or sifting through decades of newsprint. What started as a *cinema vérité* piece on the adventures of a barhopping baby dyke turned into a historical documentary only when Poirer learned that the venerable Maud's, one of her chosen locations, was closing after 23 years in business.

"Everyone knew Maud's," explains Poirer. "It was that sort of place. I had wanted to do a dramatic piece but I didn't have the money, so instead I took advantage of this soundstage opening up, which was Maud's, and the characters became these real life people who had these legendary pasts. Even people who are clean and sober now all kept their dates with me."

The project started with 13 hours of video footage shot over four days, mixing interviews with past and present bartenders and clientele with documentation of such events as the last ping-pong game and the auction of Maud's memorabilia. Poirer and her producer and partner, Karen Kiss, asked Rikki Streicher, Maud's owner, if she had any old photos; luckily, Streicher did—as well as hundreds of personal photographs from the 40s and 50s. As community awareness of the project grew, so did Kiss and Poirer's archives.

"It was a slow process," recalls Poirer. "We had to seduce those photos out of people." Streicher later dug up reels of Super 8 films, the viewing of which "was like panning for gold. Every now and again I'd come across an interior of Maud's from, say, 1972, just three or four seconds, and I'd snatch it up. Our community needs to see this—we need to know how our forebears looked. We see these very brief weird Hollywood representations, but we really don't know how they looked."

Over 400 archival documents, including photographs, newspaper clippings, flyers, and advertisements were used in the final cut to place the personal history of Maud's within the larger context of gay life in San Francisco. While the broad spectrum of events—from drunken softball games to the assassination of Harvey Milk—spreads the focus a bit thin at times, the historical documentation gives weight to a subject that might otherwise seem like an exercise in home movie nostalgia. And while many younger lesbians may have heard of the bar raids and crossdressing laws, how many know that women couldn't legally tend bar in California until 1972?

Unlike many historical documentaries, Poirer deliberately didn't use narration or identifying subtitles. "I wanted to recreate this really great night in an interesting bar where you could have a fabulous conversation, and maybe only find out later that you'd been talking to Judy Grahn or Sally Gearhart." The credit list is, accordingly, full of entertaining surprises.

After a week's run at San Francisco's Castro Theater, *Last Call at Maud's* moves to Cinema Village in Manhattan, and will soon be playing the art house and festival circuit at home and abroad.

"In the Berlin Film Festival, we'll be playing with Barbara Hammer's *Nitrate Kisses, Claire of the Moon*, and a new documentary from Canada called *Forbidden Love*. So for the first time you've got four full-length features that are lesbian-made about lesbian issues. I think that's an enormous show of strength, because they're all very different. I mean, compared to *Nitrate Kisses, Maud's* looks like the Walt Disney version of lesbianism. You can take your mom to Maud's!"

And after her immersion in bar history , what does Poirer think of the social options available for young lesbians today? "In the 40s you could have very sexy times in these bars. You couldn't dance, but you could have great conversations and really get into one another. And I'm not sure that's happening at these sex clubs. You've got this appearance of liberation, but are you really getting into it? I agree with Karen that being able to call yourself something and consider yourself part of a political entity is enormously different than it was in the 40s. But in terms of personal pleasure for women, I'm not sure we're any better off now than we were then."

—*Stephanie Rosenbaum*

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BARBARA HAMMER *(from page 22)*

DDV: Has censorship of your work increased or decreased over the years?

BH: The fear of censorship increased under the Bush administration. When I was making *Nitrate Kisses* I worked in a climate of fear. It didn't limit me but I had to struggle to overcome the fear. I don't think anyone should have to work like that. I think we'll have less censorship now, under Clinton.

DDV: What drives you to do this work?

BH: We live in a repressed society. We're not very free to meet strangers. We're not free with our bodies. I've always liked my body, and I think if you feel good about your own body then you feel good about other peoples'. I've noticed a lot of women have hang-ups about their bodies. They're either too tall or too short or too wide or too thin or this part of their body is too little and that part is, and so on. They don't feel positive because there's been some model, some construction of what we're supposed to look like that few could possibly mirror. I try to make body-positive works.

DDV: So you don't think that men feel the same way?

BH: I can't remember about men because it's been so long ago. They probably do. Especially gay men. Now, people have been quite happy that I show old women making love in *Nitrate Kisses* because they're so overly concerned about keeping their bodies looking youthful. It's fine to be trim, it's fine to do what you want with your hair color, but if it's done to pass for younger than you are, that's just falsehood. I grew up in a middle-class household where I saw a lot of different things go on outside compared to what went on inside. They were two different worlds. I'm interested in breaking down these individual houses that sit around like overcoats covering up who's really there.

DDV: Was *Dyketactics* your first film?

BH: *A Gay Day* was my first film in '73, my first 16mm film. I made Super-8's before that. And the first film that I showed, *Schizy*, was in 1968. It's about feeling like I was a man in a woman's body. It's about androgyny before the word came out, so I used the word "schizy."

DDV: Who were your role models? Had you seen other works by women that made you say "I'm going to do that too?" Or are you really the mother of lesbian filmmaking?

BH: Someone once called me the grandmother of lesbian filmmaking. I am a grandmother—my partner has grandchildren, so I do too. I'm very happy to be a pioneer—mother or grandmother.

I didn't have any lesbian role models—it was a blank screen. Maya Deren, who wasn't a lesbian, as far as I know, inspired me. The first lesbian film was made by Leontine Sagan in 1931. It was called *Måedchen in Uniform* and was about an attraction between a schoolteacher and a student. I think the filmmaker was straight, but it was the first lesbian kiss ever shown on screen. At the 1975 First Feminist Film Conference in Amsterdam we in the lesbian caucus played that scene over and over. I saw how starved we were, so I continued to do what I'd begun with *Dyketactics*—to represent lesbians in the forefront of my films.

DDV: Some of your films are not overtly lesbian or gay—like *Sanctus* for instance—but they show up in lesbian and gay experimental film festivals. What do you think is lesbian about them?

BH: The filmmaker is a lesbian. You could hypothesize that it was made by a woman-identified woman because of the use of the body, the interiority, the sense of touch in the film, on the screen, the tactility. There's a heightened connection between touch and sight so that images on the screen are experienced in the viewer's body.

But I don't think it's an interesting question anymore. It used to be. I mean, it was asked all the time: "How can you tell a film is made by a woman? Is there a lesbian sensibility in this film?" I can write a paper and a half on why there is a lesbian sensibility in all my work, but when I'm creating the work, I don't really care, I just want to make my work. I don't want to defend it in that way. But I will always identify as a lesbian as long as I am one and until we have all the rights we deserve.

DDV: How have you been received by the mainstream art world?

BH: It was hard when I started out. The art world didn't recognize my work, only the lesbian feminists did. After ten years, though, the art world opened its doors.

DDV: How and why did that come about?

BH: Now it's politically okay to do lesbian content in the art world, but it wasn't always. Multi everything is in. Now a lot more filmmakers have come out. I feel free to do whatever I want.

DDV: Do you think your work is accessible?

BH: I try to challenge myself, so as I mature, my work has to become more challenging to me. I can't make *Dyketactics* over and over. I have to reach and grow or it's not worth living and making. And I expect the same from an audience—I expect an audience that's keen on development as well as visual pleasure. We have to evolve as a species or we're headed toward destruction. It's fine to see movies for entertainment, but I don't want to replicate a sick

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society. It doesn't make sense for anybody who's a revolutionary or who's interested in change to repeat a given form. There is form to my work but the audience must discover it anew with each film. You can find the language in each film—there are keys and codes. But if you say, "Oh, there are too many cuts here, it doesn't make sense, how can she use 1930 material and contemporary material?" then it probably won't be accessible to you. I want to invent new visual language.

DDV: How should people approach your work? Five or six years ago I wouldn't have been ready for a Barbara Hammer work. What would you suggest to someone who has no idea what an experimental film is?

BH: To take a risk and come to the theater or rent a video. It's not that difficult. I think there is quite often a feminist or lesbian pull in the film with which you can identify. If you don't understand the use of every frame, there are things that you will be able to understand. If you're making work that's going to live on beyond you, you make work that is challenging and that can be seen many times. Richard Dyer has actually written a lot about my work in a book called *Now You See It*.

DDV: But what about gay people who are not necessarily intellectual or who don't have access to the university system or galleries?

BH: We all have the potential to grasp another's vision. *Superdyke* is like a Bugs Bunny cartoon. One thing follows another, the chase scene, the love scene. It's about a group of amazons taking over the institutions of San Francisco. I think *Nitrate Kisses* is very accessible. I think the soundtrack of women telling stories from the past allows you to recognize when you're looking at burned-out buildings that these stories wouldn't exist if they weren't recorded. If we don't put our materials into an archive there won't be anything left. And a lot of my films are just playful. They're not that difficult. Have you seen *Our Trip*?

DDV: No.

BH: It's an animation about a back-pack trip to Peru with my lover. It's a little ditty about lesbian travel, you know? The *Machu Piccu* is a celebration of mountains and space. There are underwater films—*Pools*. Barbara Klutinis and I explored and swam in the underwater pools at Hearst Castle. That's a very accessible film. One of the things I've been very interested in giving the audience is a sense of their own body while they watch the movie. If you watch *Pools* or *Pond* or *Waterfall*, or a lesbian-specific film, which is *Pearl Diver*, you feel that you're swimming through the water. The camera is moving, the water is washing over you. It's not a static, set-up, *mise-en-scene*. In *Double Strength* the camera is swinging on the trapeze. You become part of the performance. Now, whether you understand something or not, your body understands it because your eyes are connected to your kinesthetic sense. And you're involved, whether you want to be or not.

I think anybody could have knowledge of these films. There's so many different kinds of knowledge—academic knowledge is just one kind. There's words, language, intellectual knowledge, mechanical knowledge, spatial knowledge. We're limiting ourselves if we think we know who the people are who haven't been to school, or who haven't been to college—what kind of intelligence they have. You know, they have intelligence.

DDV: Is there something you'd like to do that you haven't?

BH: I'd like to write an autobiography. I'd like to work with narrative. Play with narrative. I'd like to learn computer graphics more, and do computer video. I'd like to have an Amiga workstation. I'd like to have access to the Avid editing system. I'd like to get a fellowship to write for a year in Boston at Harvard. I'd like to get a MacArthur genius grant. After I get a Guggenheim. [Laughter]. I would like to be able to teach in San Francisco. I wish there were more classes on gay and lesbian filmmaking, and lesbian art-making. I wish there were more theory written about lesbian film. There's really a vacuum. And I wish I could teach and create at the same time. Not be overburdened by teaching, and not be so isolated from creating.

DDV: Why haven't you made a narrative film before?

BH: It hasn't interested me before, but now that I've done a long film [*Nitrate Kisses*], I'm thinking why not do a narrative film? Dialogue, writing dialogue. But I don't want to think of the story structure in the usual way. It has to be something collected and experimented with. I've got some ideas.

DDV: Do you have a story line?

BH: Having just finished *Nitrate Kisses* I need a rest. I'm looking forward to just teaching and showing it.

DDV: What will you be teaching in Chicago?

BH: Film. I'm going to teach an undergraduate seminar which I've named "Voices of Difference." It's based on the politics of identity and students will do work about sexual preference, religion, race, looks—any form of identity that they want to examine. They'll explore that in their work and in the reading and films. Then I'm doing graduate critiques, so I'll have ten graduate

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students that I'll follow throughout the semester. I'm also teaching an intermediate production class.

DDV: You use the term "sexual preference." Does that mean that you think sexuality is a choice?

BH: Yes. Making *Nitrate Kisses* and doing the research I did, I was most interested in the idea of sexual identity being fluid and changing, rather than fixed. I hadn't even heard the word "lesbian" until I was 30. As soon as I heard it, I did it. In the '70s I felt fixed by the political correctness thinking. I still feel that my attractions are with women, but I like to think about my sexual possibilities as being fluid and open and that it isn't a problem for me, for the lesbian community, the gay male community, the heterosexual, celibate, or bisexual communities. It's much more interesting and less divisive. I do think that sexuality is a choice. I mean, it doesn't feel like that if you're driven by desire, but then you start looking at the sexual addiction, and the construction of desire. Desire can be forbidden and then constructed out of what's forbidden. It's pretty interesting.

But I know when you're estrogen driven once a month [laughter] you definitely feel a great sexual urge, so that feels chemical, biological. We need to not be total social constructivists or total essentialist naturalists, but recognize that there can be several ways of operating. Who we are isn't totally determined by either our genetic makeup or our social conditioning. It's a combination of the two.

DDV: So how would you counter the right when they use against us the argument that we have a choice, and that we should choose heterosexuality? That we shouldn't choose this evil, immoral thing called "homosexuality?" How would you respond to that? Because a lot of people who've been arguing with the right have argued that it's *not* a choice. That it's something *in* us, and we should be accepted as such.

BH: It comes down to desire. I think one should follow one's desires. When I felt my first desire for a woman, I thought, this is too strong, I have to go with these feelings. I could have decided to repress it—we repress lots of feelings—but I chose not to. No one should control our choices.

But ultimately we are responsible for our actions. And our inactions. And if we aren't then there's no hope. We can't blame it on someone else or let somebody else make the choice for us. And whether gay men have a larger thalmus or not, that's an area of the brain that's being discussed right now through 12 dead subjects [laughter]...I don't know.

DDV: If you weren't doing cinema right now, what would you be doing?

BH: Trekking in Nepal. Kyaking in Fiji. I would be out in the world more. Out of the darkroom, away from the reflection of the world. That's what I miss the most in doing cinema and video, the real life experience. I love to travel. I'd like to just take off for a year. I used to do that a lot. I did that when I got married, I travelled around the world on a motor scooter. All I did was travel for a year. When I became a lesbian, I travelled on a motorcycle in Africa for a year. But I can't be a tourist anymore. I know too much. There has to be a participation in the society that I'm visiting.

DDV: You said, "when I *became* a lesbian." Does that mean you weren't a lesbian?

BH: When I was born?

DDV: Before you were 30.

BH: Well, I didn't know that I was a lesbian until I heard the word. And I was 30 when I heard the word, in a women's consciousness group. Can you believe it? How old were you when heard the word?

DDV: Really young, because I come from a family with a lot of gays in it.

BH: Oh [laughter]. Like five or something?

DDV: Like eight. [laughter].

BH: When did you know you were a lesbian? Are you a lesbian?

DDV: Yeah. About 14.

BH: You knew when you were 14? So just when you came into your sexuality, really. That's great. That's really incredible.

DDV: Growing up with a lot of gay people around me made a difference.

BH: Oh, it must. Yeah.

DDV: I look at other people and I can't imagine how they do it.

BH: You could be my daughter, right? How old are you?

DDV: I'm 25.

BH: 25, and I'm 53. So if I'd had you when I was...what?

DDV: 28

BH: Well, my mother had me when she was 29, I think. That's the age when I became an artist. That's the choice. A lot of women start identifying professionally or as mothers or both at that age.

DDV: And there was no pressure on you at the time from your husband to have a child, and to be there for him?

BH: Yeah, well, not to be there for him, but to have a child. But he was sterile. He cried, and I was happy. Because what I wanted to do was to make art. It's only over the last couple of years that I've wanted a child, since I was 50. But I'm really not ready to settle down. I probably will miss that experience in life. But there's a lot more work to be made. Δ

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KNOTS LANDING *(from page 32)*

I felt a resurgence of confidence as Carlos pulled up in front of Spago. I held my arm out jauntily for Paige to slip hers through, and walked proudly in to the restaurant, noting admiring stares from the proles, who gaped at the star on my arm. Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward were seated in a dimly lit corner; Paige waved at them as the maitre d' seated us in another.

Somehow I managed to order, sniff, and taste wine as if I knew what I was doing; somehow I managed to order food from an indecipherable menu; and somehow I managed to lie convincingly in response to Paige's polite questions about my work, my friends, and life in San Francisco.

"San Francisco," she suddenly sighed, a wistful look in her big blue eyes. "I just love it there. It's so much more civilized than L.A."

"Oh, but there's so many exciting people here," I said.

"Sharks," Paige said flatly, stabbing a piece of raddichio with her fork, her lips pouting up beautifully. "All sharks." She glanced up just as Bobby De Niro sauntered by, and instantly transformed her face into a glowing mask. When he'd passed, she resumed pouting.

"Now you, Jerry," she said, "are so much more real than all these people. I feel a strange kinship with you, even though we only just met. I dunno." She shook her head and a platinum tress fell across her right eye. "You almost seem to have a woman's sensibility..." She trailed off with a laugh, looked straight into my eyes, and flicked the hair from her face. "Am I talking crazy?"

I cleared my nearly paralyzed throat. "Of course not. You sound lonely."

"See," she said, "that's just what I mean." There were actually tears in her eyes.

When Carlos pulled up in front of the Hilton, she told him to keep the limo waiting while she came up to join me for a nightcap. His face was impassive as he opened the door for us.

In my suite Paige took off her jacket, revealing a lacy beige camisole, kicked off her stiletto heels, and fell onto the plush sofa. She picked up the remote, flicked on the TV and began running through the channels while I nervously poured us brandy from a well-stocked bar. Watching her, I was reminded of the episode on Knots when Brian, a Sumner Group client, tried to videotape their lovemaking. She'd kicked him in the balls and stalked out of the room.

What would she do, I wondered, when she discovered that I had no balls?

I brought our brandies over and sat beside her. She'd let the TV come to rest on the Playboy channel, where a woman was performing an erotic dance.

"Huh," Paige said, a smile playing around her mouth. "She's hot. Don't you think so, Jerry?"

"Well, uh..." I stammered.

"It's okay, you can be honest. I know how men are. Besides," she confessed, lowering her voice and giggling like a schoolgirl, "It turns me on too."

"It does?" I squawked.

"Silly boy," she laughed. "Don't you know that everyone in Hollywood is bi?"

"Bi?" I was so taken aback that for a moment I forgot what that meant.

"Bisexual, Jerry! You do know what the word means, don't you?"

I was absolutely, totally, completely falling apart. I couldn't speak or move. When Paige began boldly unbuttoning my trousers I didn't dare stop her. She got them open, reached inside, and began moving her soft hand around, gently searching...and searching..and then she was frantically groping.

"Where is it?" she shrieked, bending over and ripping apart the fabric, peering inside to locate what her hand had missed.

"My God!" she gasped, raising her head and looking in my eyes. "You *are* a woman!"

I just nodded.

Paige's face broke into a wreath of smiles. "Wow! Does that ever make me one happy girl!"

"It does?"

"I just told you, I'm bi. But how often do you think I get pussy—I mean, I do have to be discreet about it. Last time was, let's see, maybe a year ago. Come on, girl, let's hit the hay!"

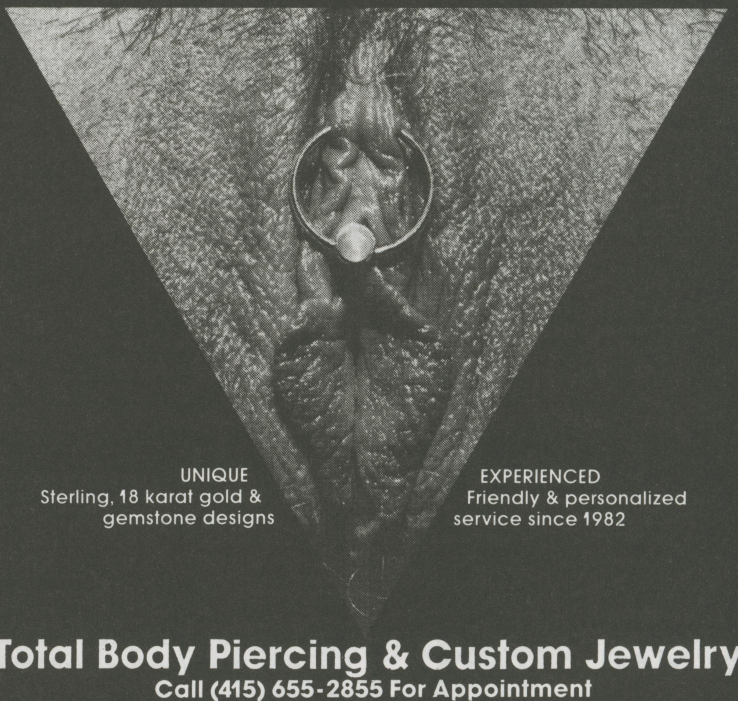
She literally jumped off the sofa and bounded down the hall, calling over her shoulder, "I hope you're a top!"

I wasn't, but by God, for Paige Mathiesson I would become one.

That turned out not to be terribly difficult. By the time I reached the bedroom she was lying on the satin sheets, her arms raised, holding onto the brass headboard. She'd removed her skirt and camisole, and was wearing only a skimpy bra and the briefest of briefs. I stood in front of her, drooling from my mouth and my pussy. Slowly I removed my jacket, tie, and shirt, revealing my bound torso. Paige giggled, but stopped abruptly as I unwound the bandages to reveal my breasts. Her hand drifted to her crotch. I undid my pants and let them slide to the floor, and stood before her in a pair of honest-to-God boxer shorts (I'd really wanted to feel the part). She moaned softly and beckoned for me.

I pulled off the shorts and laid down on top of her, feeling her deliciously soft flesh next to mine. Pulling down her bra, I nibbled on an erect nipple, and kneaded the other

RAELYN GALLINA



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one between my thumbs. She wriggled beneath me.

Like I said, I'm not a top, but then I had never been with such a glamorous femme bottom before. Paige inspired and transformed me. I felt as if I was growing, psychologically and physically; if necessity is the mother of invention, then I was becoming bigger and more powerful in order to fulfill her need. I pulled her panties down and placed my hand over her dripping crotch. Her eyes begged me to enter.

Slowly I slipped one, then two fingers inside. She raised her hips, and I began thrusting, gently at first, then more forcibly as I felt her muscles squeezing, pulling me deeper inside. I held one hand over her tit while I steadily pumped into her, watching her face dissolve as if she was succumbing to some potent drug. She offered herself up for my pleasure, becoming weak and vulnerable; this made me even stronger. I laid down again on her body, pressing my clit against her thigh as I pumped my fingers inside her. She spread her legs wider. My pectoral muscles flexed as I raised myself up. My entire body felt as if it had become a cock, one gigantic hard cock that could impale her, fill her up, make her crumble, make her mine. I placed my lips on hers for the first time, and sucked in the nectar of her kiss.

She seemed to be lost in a world all her own, almost unaware of my presence. I lifted her hips so that she was lying across my lap, and bent my head to suck on her breast. She squeezed her thighs around my hand—I now had four fingers inside her—and began to cry out, "Oh, oh, oh, Jerry...." as her cunt exploded in a huge dripping orgasm. I pumped and pumped, my arm a piston, while I kept sucking hard on her nipple. Finally she whimpered and fell back, utterly spent.

I lifted her off my lap and let her lie back on the sheets. I climbed on top of her, nudged her legs open, and rubbed my clit against hers. In three seconds I was coming, pushing hard against her. Exhausted as she was, she reached down and stuck a couple of fingers inside my cunt, bringing my orgasm to its conclusion.

I wiped the hair from her sweaty forehead and gently kissed her face. "You are so beautiful," I murmured.

"I never expected this," she said.

She never expected this?

• • •

The next day as I flew back to San Francisco, I thought somewhat sadly of Paige lying beneath Tom or Gregg or whoever else the writers of *Knots Landing* would thrust on her next. As for me, there was a whole world of blonde femmes out there, just waiting for Gerry, that's Gerry with a "G," Harmon. Δ

SEXPOINT *(from page 15)*

I told all my close, and even not so close friends. The women's responses ranged from "Are you sure?" to "That's a patriarchal myth." One sex journalist scoffed at me, sure that I was confused. Only one woman shared her "first time" story with me. She had been with a kind, gentle boyfriend who went very slow with the sexual progress of their relationship, so slow that by the time he got around to penetration she was positive that she wanted more.

In contrast to the women's responses, my fag roommates were intrigued. Their questions were prefaced with excited, "Oh wow!"s, unlike the skeptical, "oh yeah's" of the women. They instantly believed me, and we sat for hours at coffee shops discussing the pros and cons of virginity loss, and ways to go about doing it.

I did consider simply keeping my cherry. I had gone this far with just one finger, and thought it would be kind of neat to die "pure" at 80. Well, I kicked that idea out pretty fast: I wanted to have more, know more, do more.

I placed an ad in *On Our Backs*, seeking a woman to "pop my cherry." No one replied. *No one*. From my contacts with *On Our Backs* I knew that having no one answer an ad is weird. I placed an ad in a local lesbian newspaper; once again, not one response. All my experiences with lesbians regarding this issue were adding up—backing off after one finger, denying memories of their own virginity loss, disbelieving I hadn't lost mine, not responding to my ad. *Women were afraid of hymens!*

While the ads were running I was still dating and fucking and women were still stopping at one finger without even a whimper of pain out of me. Randi had gone on to other women but was periodically checking on the situation like a big butch sister.

Months passed, as did the novelty and excitement. The guys stopped asking for my date details. I stopped getting my hopes up. My body was at a standstill, while my mind was racing with ideas, fantasies, goals. When would I get *more?* Following the old adage that if you want a job done right you have to do it yourself, I decided to do just that. I planned a night to fix myself a nice dinner, drink some wine, then take my own virginity. Well....it didn't quite work out that way. After a few drinks, the guys talked me into going out with them instead.

• • •

"You wanna drink?"

I had been flirting with her best friend all night, indirectly talking to *her*. She was butcher than her best friend and smelled sexy and tough.

"No, but we could still talk."

"You wanna fuck?"

"You got money for a taxi?"

* * *

She bonded with my dog, made conversation with the two guys fucking on the living room futon, laughed at the moans coming from one of the bedrooms, and asked, "How many people are in this fuck palace?"

I put her in my bedroom and gave her a beer. "Three guy couples plus us."

"Seriously? Are they going to be able to hear us? I can hear them." She sat on the bed.

"Yeah." I kicked off my shoes and stood between her knees.

"That gonna freak you out?" She slowly ran one finger down the middle of my chest, then ripped open my shirt with one hand.

"We live for it."

When we got down to fucking she became belligerent with my tightness. She thought I was nervous. She slapped me on the ass and said, "Cool out, chick. Loosen up!"

I told her that I was just tight and to get over it. She called me "nasty" because she saw how much I liked being spanked. She shoved my face into the pillow, and growled, "Keep your ass in the air, girl, and shut your fucking mouth or you're gonna get a whipping." I obeyed but had to moan and whimper as she fucked harder, which earned me more spankings.

She jabbed three fingers into me. I cried out. I felt myself tearing—there was a burning and stinging in my cunt while the smacks rained down on my ass. A warm sensation spread throughout my genitals, but the relief was brief because she kept adding more fingers and fucking harder. I was crying, literally, into the pillow while I moaned. More tearing, more burning as her knuckles slammed my clit. The intensity rose with the pain. I wavered on that plane before coming, was pulled back by the pain, then rose to a higher plateau until finally the crest broke and I came—crying, shaking, my body heaving. I curled up and pulled away from her as shudders of leftover orgasm passed through me. I had turned into snot and juice and burning ass and begging cunt.

I bled for just one day, but pissing stung horribly for three.

* * *

Randi and I shared a Spuds-O-Rama at Spaghetti Western while I told her the whole story. She felt slightly sad and said she wished she had been the one to do it, that it could have been so romantic. I knew that she couldn't have hurt me, though, and that's what I needed in order to break through this barrier.

Overall I felt great. I was very proud of my escapade, and the guys loved my story. Talking to Randi did leave me feeling a little sad, but not disappointed. I wanted more, and eventually I got it. Now my body was finally able to catch up with my mind. It's been a race between the two ever since. Δ

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HOUSE CALL *(from page 29)*

I was just about to rub some extra virgin on her hamstring when she said, *"Mac u laaa,* massage my glutes first."

"Okay," I answered. My hands were hot from rubbing them together, and I was excited with the anticipation of having her beautifully rounded ass cheeks between them. I felt moist between the legs, and flushed in the face after two minutes of working her ass.

"You have strong hands. I like the way you're kneading my cheeks. It feels so good. Don't move to my legs until I tell you." Astrid's tone was demanding, yet at the same time soothing.

Her legs were spread wide enough so I could see traces of black pubic hair and the inner lips of her pussy. Damn, they were big! Maybe it was her clit that was hanging out; I wasn't sure. I was getting turned on just looking, trying to figure out which was which.

I was fantasizing again, this time on her pussy and her ass. I thought about slipping my index finger inside of her. It would slide in easy because of the oil and her relaxed state. I bet I could get my whole hand in. Could she be enjoying this massage as much as I was enjoying giving it?

Astrid's hips were rotating slowly, both to the strokes of my hands and the background music of saxophonist Gato Barbieri. Maybe she wasn't conscious of what she was doing, but she reacted to the sensuous atmosphere by easing her hand down from the head of the table to the space between her legs. I couldn't believe my eyes. She was massaging her clit.

"Mac u laaa, don't be offended by what you see, and don't stop kneading. Your touch makes me feel something that I don't want to lose. I'm getting really turned on by your hands. I want you to touch me inside." I sure wasn't offended! Hot and horny was more like it.

Astrid turned herself over, her feline eyes boring into mine. Her tits were staring at me, the nipples erect. I wanted to dive right in.

"Take me with your hand," she said.

This woman was for real. I saw the passion and intensity in her eyes and heard it in her voice.

"Astrid," I said, "my clit feels so swollen right now with the thought of you wanting my hand deep inside your pussy. I was wet even before I touched your ass."

She smiled at me and said, *"Mac u laaa,* I knew what you wanted to do to me because I can read your hands and the way you move them. Your hands say the words that your mouth doesn't."

I never knew my hands were so gifted.

"Astrid, you just lay back down on the table while I oil my hands, and take off my wet pants." I was admiring her body, which reminded me of an exotic jungle cat with its lean, long muscles, and jet black mane of curls.

I hopped up onto the table and knelt between her legs. "Shit!" I yelled out, in awe of what I saw.

"What is it, *Mac u laaa?"*

"Astrid," I said, "I can't believe the size of your pussy lips. Are they always this big, or is it because you're excited about having my whole fist inside?"

Astrid lifted her head up and said, "Darling, you made it grow twice its normal size. It has a hand fetish, just like me."

I was fascinated, and just as aroused as Astrid. I wanted to take her to blissful ecstasy. I was getting off just listening to her voice and watching her. She sensed my passion; her eyes devoured my body.

My mouth went down to kiss her sex. She tasted like extra virgin olive oil. I sucked her clit, and slowly inserted two fingers, gently moving in and out, getting her pussy ready to take my fist. Little by little I put more fingers in her: three, four, and thumb. Astrid moaned with pleasure, and her face slackened with the feeling. Her pussy was opening up for me—a little more playing and I would give her my fist. I wanted to make sure she was ready, so I wouldn't hurt her. My hands are unusually large for a woman—long piano fingers and a broad palm.

I had my hand balled up in a fist now and was in past my knuckles. A few more soft thrusts and I'd be consumed by her love muscles.

*"Mac u laaa...*you're sending electric shocks through my whole body! Oooo, yes, just like that, darling. Don't be afraid, you won't hurt me." I was in up to my wrist. She was hot and smooth inside. I pulled out for a second to look at my hand glistening with her juices, and went back in.

"Don't stop, I'm coming. I can't stop, I keep coming, my whole body is coming." Astrid's body was arching and tightening up, her vaginal walls clutching my hand, constricting around it. I felt the spasms of her strong orgasm, and couldn't contain my own. It was quick and intense, and left me feeling completely satiated.

We smiled at each other. Slowly I took my hand out and lay down on top of her sweaty, oiled body. She embraced me and kissed my face.

"Astrid, do you still want me to massage your hamstrings?" I asked. Δ

QUEER CULTURE *(from page 11)*

when IRA members kidnap an English soldier who happens to be black. Jody, the soldier, points out the irony of his position by saying that, because of racism, most English people would not be comfortable with the idea of a black man representing them.

The homoerotic bond that develops between Fergus and Jody seems vaguely offensive while we still think that Jody and Fergus are straight. It is particularly satisfying, however, when this early homoeroticism builds to an extreme queer pitch as Fergus searches out Jody's lover, Dil, after Jody is killed. Dil is Jody's revenge, the snare that awaits all literal readings of bodies, sexes, races, nationalities. Dil attracts Fergus and then reveals to him the possibility of misdirecting desire. Biology is not destiny, because Fergus seems to desire Dil despite a belief in his own unwavering heterosexuality.

Dil's performance of femininity is awesome. Dil simply is a woman; she is sexy as a woman and only seems pathetic when, towards the end of the film, Fergus cuts her hair and makes her dress up as a boy in order to disguise herself. Femininity in this film is always powerful (the female terrorist is the IRA's most lethal weapon), while masculinity is oddly manipulable and unstable. When Fergus cuts Dil's hair off to make her into a sad looking boy, it appears that masculinity or maleness is defined as castration. When Dil reappears at the end in full drag, her hair grown out, she is restored to feminine glory.

The Crying Game takes queer film to a new level, because it allows the viewer to see the ways in which s/he participates in constructions of identity. We, the viewers, stabilize Dil's ambiguity into "female," demanding that the characters be read according to rigid codes of identification. But the belief in an essential relationship between biology and identity can often lead us in dangerous directions.

Which brings me back to *Claire Of The Moon.* Perhaps a transsexual sub-plot would have helped this film, or a fist-fucking scene; perhaps one less shot of the moon gently dipping below the horizon; perhaps if the characters had not been so white, if the slut had smoked anything but those pretentious sobranie cigarettes; perhaps an orgy in the writing group; perhaps if each of the women had been armed. As it stands, this film ranks right up there with *Plan Nine From Outer Space* by Ed Wood in the "worst films of all times" category. Give it an award for "Worst Non-Action Film With No Sex, No Effects, And No Clue." Give it two. Δ

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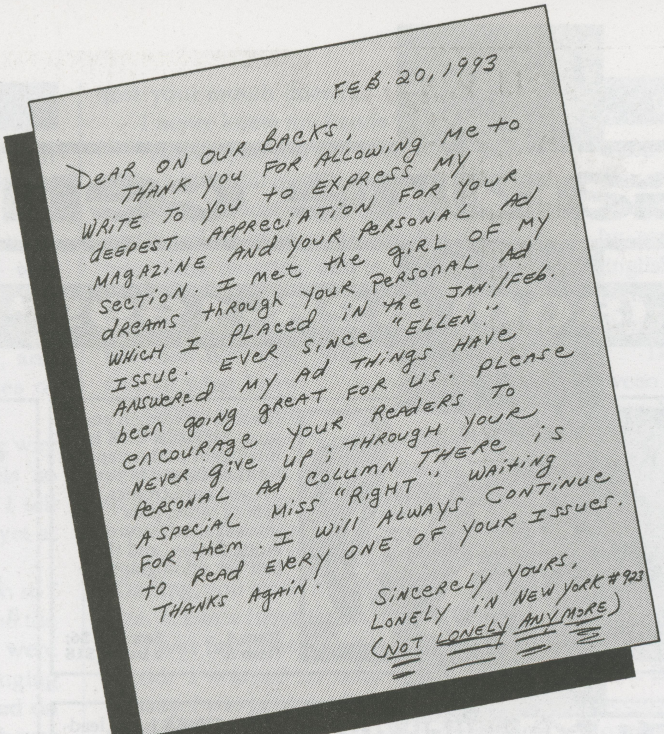

FEB. 20, 1993

DEAR ON OUR BACKS,
THANK YOU FOR ALLOWING ME TO WRITE TO YOU TO EXPRESS MY DEEPEST APPRECIATION FOR YOUR MAGAZINE AND YOUR PERSONAL AD SECTION. I MET THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS THROUGH YOUR PERSONAL AD WHICH I PLACED IN THE JAN./FEB. ISSUE. EVER SINCE "ELLEN" ANSWERED MY AD THINGS HAVE BEEN GOING GREAT FOR US. PLEASE ENCOURAGE YOUR READERS TO NEVER GIVE UP; THROUGH YOUR PERSONAL AD COLUMN THERE IS A SPECIAL MISS "RIGHT" WAITING FOR THEM. I WILL ALWAYS CONTINUE TO READ EVERY ONE OF YOUR ISSUES.
THANKS AGAIN.

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(perpetually politically outraged). Escapist tendencies (comics, sci-fi, ethnic cuisine), body of a Goddess (of Willendorf) seeks same/similar/ completely different for relationship. ☎1353

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24 yr S.W. Leo in the San Gabriel valley, loves to go to clubs, bars, movies, coffee houses, romantic walks in the park. Seeks woman 18-30 to spark the flame in my heart. Must be open-minded and love to be pampered! ☎ 1355

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Me: honest, caring, sensitive and shy. I like reading, the outdoors and movies. You: between the age of 23-35, attractive, warm, honest and understanding with a great sense of humor. Must love animals. I want a fun, romantic relationship. Photo required! ✍ 921

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UNQUENCHABLE SEXUAL APPETITE

I'm 26, 5'3", 110 pounds, brown eyes and hair. Pretty, athletic, soft butch, shy, funny, romantic. If I had the right woman I would have sex 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, and then some. Are you the one that can quench my thirst?? ✍ 917

LONELY IN NEW YORK

Attractive, kind, loving, compassionate, closeted black woman looking for a long-term lover and companion. Preferably 35-45 yrs but race, weight, etc not important. I have two children 6 & 8 yrs old. Write soon! ✍ 923

LIKE THE COUNTRY?

Western Washington 38 yrs, ranch-owning soft butch looking for that special someone for play and/or relationship. Must be clean and sober, secure, bright, stable....I am the same. ☎1357

BUTCH / FEMME

WEST HOLLYWOOD DYKE

Athletic, passionate, tomboy-femme writer, 32, 5'3",120lbs. Mostly bottom, partially shaved head seeks physically and emotionally strong, intelligent, playful androgynous/butch for fun, sex, love, laughter and relationship. Los Angeles area. ☎ 1388

SHY SW FEMME, 50

Seeks sensitive, romantic butch, 40-50. Love travel, golf and working out in a gym. I'm experienced in loving care of soft butch. Not looking for commitment, but who knows? Non-smoking, moderate drinking. ☎ 1381

CHICAGO FEMME BRAT

23 year old journalist and sex writer. Addicted to travel. Heavyset flaming redhead. Loves to be tied up, spanked, fucked and to do the same to you. No smoking, drugs or heavy drinking. ☎ 1399

BUSINESS TRIPS TO CHICAGO?

Simmering femme awaits your butch spirit. A nice hotel room, a bottle of wine, my wrists bound with silk, and thee? Have a friend who might like to join? ☎ 1379

CHICAGO TOP SEEKS FEMME SWITCH

Experienced, elegant 35-yr-old desires leather & lace bottom strong enough to f— me on command. Suck my big dyke dick while I spank you, follow directions, call me Sir. Prefer non-smoking professional age 30-40 under 5'6" tall. No bis, drugs, light alcohol ok. Heavy women cherished, Midwest travel only. ☎1401

POLITICAL SLUT WANTS BUTCH

Gorgeous fat femme looking for love and lust with butch top whose politics are as radical as her sexuality. Do you exist? Do you strap on? Do you dare? Sober, clean, smoke free a must. ☎1392

ROMANTIC NYC BUTCH

Do you often wonder where romance has gone? Well, I'm here, searching for you. If you're a young, petite femme who likes 'em strong, sensual and black then I'm the butch for you. ☎1397

FEMME FATALE TO THE RIGHT GAL

Blonde hair, green eyes, 5'10" 26 yrs young; creative mind and one hell of an imagination. Come be my butch baby. No kink to kinky. Respond now! ☎ 1398

ROCKHARD SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN

Handsome, hard driving, articulate, chivalrous. Desire beautiful, petite femme for classic boy-dyke meets girl romance. I am fun loving and intensely passionate. Tough but gentle and the right times. No drugs. Would consider relocation. ☎1387

BULLETIN BOARD

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Unbelievable! Smack between the bookshelf holding erotic fiction and another, gay anthologies, there *you* were gazing at me from a display case in a Milwaukee bookstore. Yesss! Congratulations, Ann.—Cudahy Caps ✍ 930

TOUGH DOVE BOOKS

...is looking for lesbian adventure stories for an anthology; stories about wild women, eccentric characters, sexual exploits, travel, sci-fi, true life experience, every day tales, exciting events, fiction and non-fiction. Enclose SASE. Previously unpublished writers encouraged. Manuscripts must be double spaced; ASCII (Dos text) file format on IBM PC compatible OK. Deadline Jan '94. Send to: Mikaya, 11101 Eastside Road, Ukiah, CA 95482.

DIANE LANE

I lost track of you in St Louis, and I want to find you!!! I'm in the same place, please get in touch with me! —"501" ☎ 1108

WHERE ARE YOU HIDING?

Northern California (Modesto) girl, 20, is looking for friends, penpals and lovers. I'm tired of being alone; I want to come out and play!! English accents are a big plus. ✍ 922

"S/M" ACTIVITIES

FILL MY FANTASY

Stuck in Richmond, VA in politically correct community. Want one or more women to share rape fantasy....hold me down and fuck me until you've had enough (you may need help). GW seeks same; no bi's. ☎ 1043

GOLDEN SHOWER DREAMER

Shy 35 yr old Aquarian lesbian who loves golden showers. Also love all types of music, cats, dreaming, leather, lace, and well-endowed women. Would love to correspond with women who have the same interests. ☎1046

SERIOUS DOMINA/GODDESS DIANNA VESTA

Do you feel the need to serve a powerful and spiritual woman? This is my lifestyle 24 hrs a day and my life requires the assistance of a special submissive lady who appreciates her position as my slave. I am very involved in the scene and experienced in the art of true female domination. I enjoy almost all aspects of the D/S, B&D, S/M scene. The right lady will be put into extensive training until she is ready for relocation to South Florida. Only those with a true desire to learn and serve need apply with a photo, phone and SASE. ✍ 931

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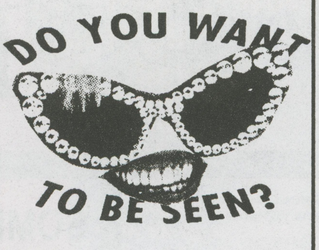
29 yr old tattoo'd lesbian. Baby butch 5'5", 115 lbs, seeks dominant mistress to fulfill my fantasies. What you command I will obey or? ✍ 916



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Acerbic L.A. butch seeks femme submissive with a taste for cock worship, humiliation, discipline and gender play. High femininity a must; impudence a draw; switch tendencies an automatic disqualifier. Romantic monogamy sought but not essential. ☎ 1063

SEA-TAC SM TOP

Hello, my name is Vic and I'm an S/M top from the Sea-Tac area. I'm looking for a woman who's proud to be a bottom—you know who you are. ☎1041

MOMMIES, DADDIES WHERE ARE YOU?

This little girl needs to play. Can you dominate me? Vampires adored. Boring stuff: I'm 29, professional, 5'8", blond, blue eyed tomboy living in SF. ☎ 1064

TEACHER WANTED

To show me the ropes, the ins & outs, as it were of B/F, B/D, S/M ad infinitum! Theatrical Bi wants hands on training. Anticipating lots of homework. Be 45 or younger, knowledgeable, and communicable. Knowledge is Life. ☎ 1059

NOVICE LEATHER & LACE FEMME

Ready to be spoiled? Vancouver GWF 30, honest, mature, slim, petite, pretty desires your hard, aggressive GBF butch self for a long, hot, part-time S/M relationship. Write to me daddy before someone else does. ✍ 918

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Looking for a bisexual lover to have romance over the phone. Must have sexy voice and erotic pleasures. ☎1022

TOO BUTCH TO BE TRUE?

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WILL TRAVEL / CORRESPOND

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Do you like wild & wacky times in strange & far away places? Let's meet someplace warm and wet! Twenty-five year old businesswoman living offshore seeks young, witty, courageous, intelligent dykes to hang out on the beach with. ✍ 934

SOCIAL OUTCASTS

Two young lesbian misfits seek others 18-25 who feel the same. Sick of moping! Wherever you live and whatever you're into is fine. Lots of interests. ✍ 926

YOU SHOW ME YOURS...

And I'll show you mine...SF Bay Area dyke with VW camper seeking to correspond with dykes in the Northwest or Southwest. I have a yearning to travel and especially want to visit Santa Fe, Seattle or anywhere in between. Maybe you have a place I could park it for awhile. Call with your name & address & favorite sight. ☎ 1171 or write ✍ 919.

R U INTO.....

...leather, blue jeans, doc martens? Techno, R&B or Jazz? Hanging out in New Orleans, NYC or someplace else? Mountain biking, skiing & boating? Movies, tasty cuisine & good books? Please send a postcard response. ✍ 928

LONDON DYKE, 32

Wants to correspond with dykes worldwide, particularly the states. A sense of adventure, intelligence and crazy humour essential. No heavy politics or bi's please. Looks and vanity bullshit unimportant. Write today! ✍ 927 *(postage to England is 95¢)*

HOW TO PLACE AN AD

Placing an ad in Sapphone is FREE. To use your Sapphone only costs 99¢ a minute. You will leave a greeting then receive responses from women nationwide. Please limit your ad to 45 words, indicate which category you want to be under, and send along with your name, address and phone # or call 1-800-845-4617 and get a Sapphone talkbox today!

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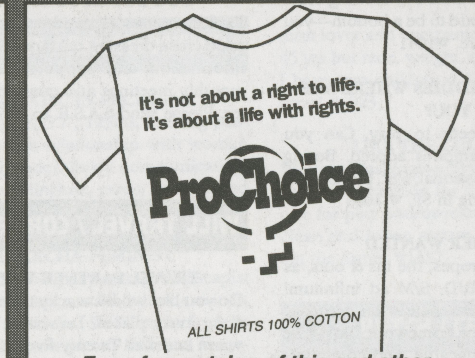
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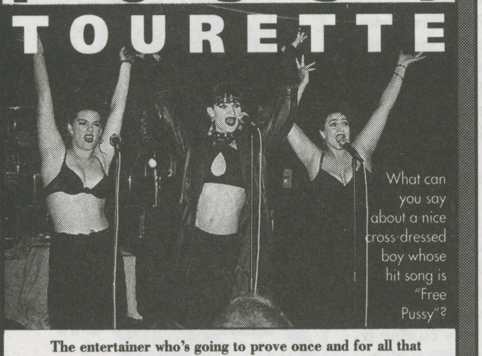
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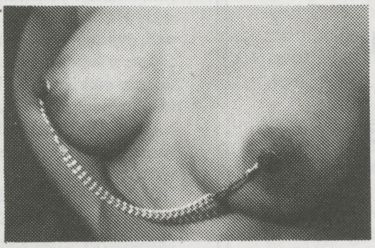

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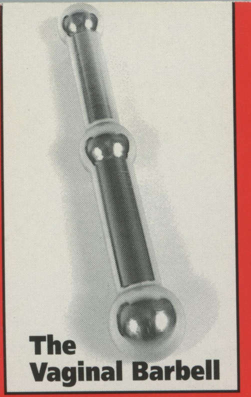

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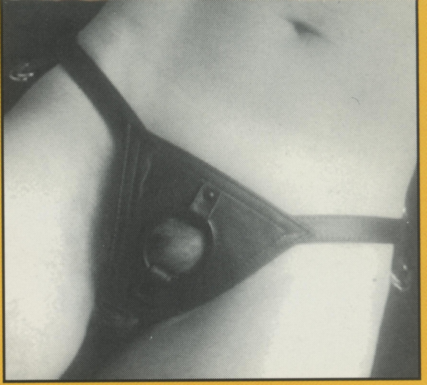

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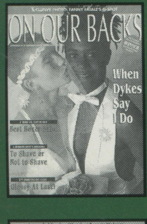

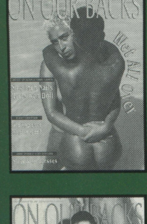

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